

**INSIDE YOU WILL FIND THE NAMES OF PEOPLE WHO WOULD HAVE RECEIVED £5 HAD THEY APPLIED TO P.W.**

**OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT:**  
 "Wherever the **FASTEUR FILTER** (Chamberland) has been introduced **TYPHOID FEVER** has disappeared."  
 "In the absence of water."  
 "Sole Agents and Makers: **W. & SONS LTD.,** 10, ABRAHAM ST., S.W., LONDON. HOUSE, GROUNDSDITCH, E.C. Telephone, Mention in Weekly."

# PEARSON'S

**TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.**

# WEEKLY.



For **SNOW White LINEN** ALWAYS BUY **NIXEY'S BLUE.**  
 FLANNELETTE BAGS Ready for Use. LARGE 1d. BAGS.

123. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING AUGUST 27, 1898. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## YOU CANNOT BE SURE THAT IT IS GALLAHER'S "TWO FLAKES" TOBACCO.

YOU ARE BUYING UNLESS YOU INSIST ON GETTING IT IN THEIR 1, 2, or 4 oz. DECORATED TINS, SECURED BY PATENT BAND.

**BEETHAM'S** THE BEST EMOLLIENT MILK FOR THE SKIN. **KEEPS THE SKIN COOL AND REFRESHED** During the HEAT of Summer. Removes and Prevents all REDNESS, ROUGHNESS, IRRITATION, TAN, &c., ensuring A SOFT, VELVET SKIN. Gentlemen will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after Shaving. Be sure to ask for "BEETHAM'S," THE ONLY GENUINE. Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists. Post Free from M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, CHELTENHAM.

**Glycerine & Cucumber**

For TOWN and COUNTRY Cycling—

### DUNLOP TYRES

LIGHT enough to suit the most fastidious park rider. STRONG enough to bear the heaviest weight over the roughest roads of the Universe.

FULLY GUARANTEED. "ALL ABOUT DUNLOP TYRES," an illustrated booklet, sent post free to any address.

The DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE CO. Ltd., 160-166 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C. Works: Alma Street, Coventry. Branches: Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Nottingham, Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, &c.

# Cadbury's

## COCOA

"THE STANDARD OF HIGHEST PURITY."

—The LANCET.  
 Always INSIST on CADBURY'S, as adulterated Cocoas are sometimes pushed for extra profit. Be very particular what you drink in these days of adulteration. It is most essential to health that your daily home beverages should be of the purest quality, entirely free from such drugs as Kola.

A Proposal to every Lady—

—to make delicious Custard with

## BIRD'S CUSTARD

POWDER

A DAILY LUXURY!

Numerous are the uses for BIRD'S Custard Powder: Dainties in endless variety, the choicest Dishes, and the richest Custard.

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!



# VAN HOUTEN'S

It ranks among Chocolates as Van Houten's Cocoa does among Cocoas; it is unequalled! Wholesome, Nourishing and Digestible.

GIVE IT A TRIAL

## CHOCOLATE

For Eating.  
 Sold in the following sizes:  
 Croquettes ... 5d. per Tin.  
 Drops ... 5d. per Tin.  
 Square Tablets 5d. each.  
 Bars 1d. each.

Give it a Trial

"SCOTLAND'S BEST"

# Pattisons

## WHISKY

THE PINK OF PERFECTION.

A Wholesome and Agreeable Stimulant of Unrivalled Quality and Flavour.

The King of Scotch Whiskies.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Sole Proprietors: **PATTISONS LIMITED,** HIGHLAND DISTILLERS, LEITH, BALLINDALLOCH, AND LONDON. Head Office: CONSTITUTION STREET, LEITH.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.



**THE SHADOW OF A CRIME!**

**MELLIN'S FOOD FOR INFANTS**

**IRRESISTIBLE!**

Samples post free from Mellin's Food Works, Peckham, S.E.

## WARNING.

As is usually the case with all successful articles, the immense popularity of PLAYER'S "NAVY CUT" has brought a number of imitations into the market. PLAYER'S "NAVY CUT" Tobacco is the ORIGINAL AND THE BEST, and smokers should not be put off with any other.



PLAYER'S IS SOLD EVERYWHERE IN PACKETS AND TINS ONLY.

Ask at all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and take no other. The Genuine bears the Trade Mark, "NOTTINGHAM CASTLE," on every packet and Tin.

## PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

ARE NOW OBTAINABLE IN PACKETS CONTAINING 8 AND 12, AND IN TINS OF 24, 50, AND 100.

The "MAGNUMS" (large size) are sold in Card Cases containing 8 and in Tins of 16, 50, and 100.

### ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST

And 164, 166 & 170, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

**CAMBRIC LINEN** Collars, Ladies' from 3/6 per doz. Gents' 4-fold, 4/11 per doz. Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen from 5/11 per doz.

**POCKET COLLARS, CUFFS,** Shirts, Best quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold Linen Fronts, 35/6 per doz. (to measure 2/- extra). Exquisite quality, most moderate in price. — *Myra's Journal.*

**HANDKERCHIEFS AND SHIRTS.** Direct from the Manufacturers. Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and enquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

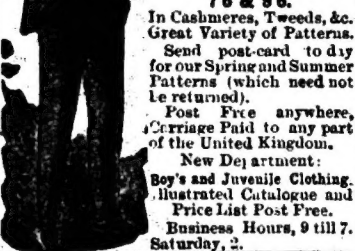
### NO MORE READY-MADE CLOTHING. BAKER BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE TAILORS, Dept. E., 6 ELDON ST., Liverpool Street, London, E.C.

**SUITS** 21", 27", 32", & 37" to measure, in Blue and Black Serges, Scotch and West of England Tweeds, &c.

**TROUSERS TO MEASURE** 7/6 & 9/6. In Cashmeres, Tweeds, &c. Great Variety of Patterns. Send post-card to day for our Spring and Summer Patterns (which need not be returned).

Free anywhere. Carriage Paid to any part of the United Kingdom. New Department: Boys' and Juvenile Clothing. Illustrated Catalogue and Price List Post Free. Business Hours, 9 till 7. Saturday, 2.



28,000

**SLAUGHTERED.**

Unsolicited Testimonial.

Dear Sirs,—I have much pleasure in writing you a few lines in praise of the WATHERS' FLY PAPERS which I purchased of you three years ago. I have tested it with one which I bought elsewhere, which cost nearly three times the amount I gave for yours, and I find your wares to be the best. I shall recommend it to all I know as an unequalled timekeeper. Yours truly, (Signed) Thomas Priest.

Far and away the most effective Fly Paper on the market. Sold by Chemists only.

WILLIAM WATERS Ltd., Dyer St., Manchester.



**REVOLUTION IN Cigarette Paper Books**

EACH LEAF READY TO HAND FOR USE. AT ALL TOBACCONISTS.

**10/6 250,000 PEOPLE SAY**



with one voice, in the clearest and most convincing language, that the MOST AD-MIRABLE timekeepers, the MOST SATIS-FAC-TORY possessions, the MOST CRAFTY-FYING of purchases, are H. SAMUEL'S WORLD-FAMED WATCHES.

Read this letter! It is one of the MANY THOU-SANDS received, and plainly shows the RE-MARKABLE SUPER-IORITY and value of H. Samuel's produc-tions. THE LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD! The greatest range of prices! Un-limited selections. H. Samuel supplies Watches at all prices, from 6s. to £100, and purchasers may have watches made to their own requirement at the same REMARKABLY LOW PRICES as H. Samuel's regular specialities, and H. Samuel's newly invented improvements, protected by HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT are only to be obtained in H. Samuel's Watches. BEWARE OF IMITA-TIONS. H. Samuel's "MARVEL" as illustrated, a really wonderful FULL-PLATE LEVER, jewelled movement, screwed balance, channel dial, crystal glass, sets hands in front. Fitted in strong, well fitted cases of a special material prepared to exactly resemble Real Silver in appearance. Supplied complete, with Key, printed instructions, and H. SAMUEL'S SPECIAL BONUS FREE GIFT on receipt of 10/6. This is but one of H. Samuel's marvellous productions. Other equally astonishing manufactures at 25s., 52s., 61s., &c., are illustrated in H. Samuel's new REPERTOIRE OF BARCAINS, a grand new volume of 209 pages and nearly 3,000 engravings. Shows every variety of DIAMONDS and GOLD and SILVER adornments, all of newest designs, finest work-manship, and extraordinary value. Prices range from 1/- upwards. HUNDREDS of Testimonials are given in this book from all parts of the world, and unanimous opinions of the leading PRESS OF GREAT BRITAIN. Every reader should write for this com-pre-hensive publication, which plainly shows the IMMENSE SAVING made by purchasers who send direct to H. Samuel. MIDDLE PROFITS ABOLISHED. A separate sheet is included with each volume giving full particulars of H. Samuel's SPECIAL BONUS PREMIUMS DISTRIBUTED FREE amongst purchasers. A HANDSOME AND USEFUL addition to the marvellous value obtained by sending direct to H. Samuel for all requirements. TEN LISTS of presents for selection. WRITE for this wonderful Book TO-DAY, and see the splendid productions brought within your easy reach. H. Samuel sends it ABSOLUTELY FREE. Cut this announcement from Pearson's Weekly, and enclose it with all orders.

H. SAMUEL, 97, 99, 101, 33, 89 and 121 Market Street, MANCHESTER.

### THE FAMOUS



**"MAB" RAZOR**

Sent Post Free.

"MAB" CO., 73, Newhall Street, Birmingham

The special amalgam of steel renders imitation impossible, and makes it the finest shaving implement in the world. None genuine unless bearing the registered trade mark "MAB."

PRICE: Black handle 2/6 Ivory " 3/6 PAIR IN CASE, Black " 7/6 Ivory " 9/6

### THE 'GLOBE'

Latest Model, 1898.

**£3 - TYPEWRITER.**

Writing equal to any 20 guinea machine. Learn immediately and without cost.

THE "GLOBE" TYPEWRITER LTD., 28 PAUL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

Wholesale and Agencies: A. Hemington & Co., 68 Holborn Viaduct.

## HUTTON'S IRISH TWEED

Guaranteed ALL PURE WOOL, unsurpassed for DURABILITY and HARD WEAR.

We guarantee all our Tweeds and Serges are made from pure wool without any admixture of shoddy, and are perfectly fast dye. They are exceptionally well adapted for school and business suits.

**BUSINESS SUITS TO MEASURE . . 32/6 TROUSERS TO MEASURE . . . . . 8/9** PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED OR MONEY RETURNED IN FULL. Samples, measurement forms, and price lists free. Over 100 new patterns now ready. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials received.

**IRISH LINEN COLLARS . . . . . 4/11 per doz. GENTS' CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, all pure flax 3/6**

SAMPLES FREE.

PARCELS OVER 20s. CARRIAGE PAID.

G. R. HUTTON & CO., LARNE, IRELAND.

### LA FLEUR DES BONBONS.



A Sweetmeat à la Française of exceptional quality and superb flavour. Made of rich and choice ingredients.

14. and 34. PACKETS. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

# PEARSON'S

## TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 423.]

TRANSMISSION AT  
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 27, 1898.

ENTERED AT  
STATIONERS' HALL.

[ONE PENNY.]

### A Shelter—And You.

It may be prosperity's lacking,  
And clouds looming black in the blue;  
But whatever I miss  
There are children to kiss  
And a shelter—thank Heaven—and you!

It may be the rainbow has faded  
And the flowers are faint for the dew;  
But a sweet thought is this  
There are lips for my kiss,  
And a shelter—thank Heaven—and you!

It may be the music is dying;  
That we reap in rose-gardens the rue;  
But life to my heart  
Nothing sweet can impart  
As the kiss of the children—and you!

### Angels in the Scotch Church.

It was the custom in Scotch parishes for the minister to bow to the laird's pew before beginning his discourse.

On one occasion the pew contained a bevy of ladies, and the minister, feeling a delicacy in the circumstances, omitted the usual salaam.

When they next met, the laird's daughter—a Miss Millar, widely famed for her beauty, and afterwards Countess of Mar—rallied the minister for not bowing to her from the pulpit.

"Your ladyship forgets," replied the minister, "that the worship of angels is not allowed by the Scotch Church."

### At the Archbishop's Expense.

THE Archbishop of York has been telling a good story at his own expense. He was recently in a train, and near him sat two drunken men. Presently one of the men remarked to the other that someone had robbed him of a £5 note, and he proposed to find it if he had to search the whole train.

"As it happened," said the Archbishop, "I had a £5 note and that was all, and as I was alone in the carriage with them, I felt a little bit uncomfortable. Then it occurred to me to pretend to be asleep. Sure enough, in a minute more I was accosted with: 'I say, neighbour!' but I made no answer. Then the man grabbed my arm and shook me, but to no purpose, as I didn't wake up. He kept on shaking, however, and always a little more forcibly, until at last his friend interposed with: 'I say, Bill, let him alone, will you; he's drunker'n you are!'"

### Straightening a Chimney.

AN interesting operation has just been concluded in a small manufacturing town in America. The chimney-stack of one of the largest factories within the district was found to be leaning at the top forty-five inches from the vertical line, and workmen were employed to straighten it to its original position.

This was no easy task, seeing that the stack was over 122 feet in height, and eleven feet square at the base, weighing in all some 400 tons, and much discussion arose as to how the work was to be accomplished. By an ingenious arrangement the workmen were enabled to perform their task successfully, and the whole town has since become very proud of the feat.

First of all ten and a half inches of brickwork were removed from the foundation of the sides in order to right the chimney, square blocks of wood being inserted in their places. In this way two-thirds of the structure were left resting on the blocks. Between the latter substantial brick piers, six inches high were built, leaving a space of four and a half inches between the top of the piers and the bottom of the undermined brickwork.

The blocks were then set on fire, and a man was employed specially to see they burnt evenly and uniformly. In this way it was not long before the blocks became gradually reduced to ashes and the crooked stack slowly righted.

All rights reserved.]

HE drew a poster beautiful;  
But laid the thing aside  
Before he'd put the title on,  
Thus woe did him betide.

For when he sought his work again—  
Oh, bitter was his cup—  
He couldn't for his life decide  
Which was right side up.

"HE is really the most provoking man I ever saw."  
"Why, I thought he was so full of fun and good humour."  
"That's it. He is always provoking a smile."

TOM: "I've got to take May to the play to-night."  
DICK: "That means three tickets, eh?"  
TOM: "How do you make that out?"  
DICK: "Why, one for your watch, and two for yourselves."

HE: "I never kissed a girl in my life, and what's more, I never wanted to and never will."  
BOY (who has been stealing a ride): "I say! draw up a bit, mister; I want ter jump off. I don't feel safe ridin' with a bloomin' idjit."

MIKE: "'Eard about old Joe Priggings?"  
BILL: "No; what's he bin a-doin'?"  
MIKE: "Just got three months for nickin' a soot of clothes."  
BILL: "Serves 'im right! Why didn't he buy one and never pay for it, like a gent?"

YOUNG MAN: "Why does Mr. Jinks have such a hang-dog, no-account look? Is it because he is in financial trouble?"

OLD MAN: "Oh, no. It is because he is the father of children of school age, and they have begun to ask him to help them with their arithmetic."

"My youth," said the penurious man, "was spent as a sailor."  
"I'd like to have known you then."  
"Why?"  
"It would have been a pleasure to see you pay out something, even if it was only a cable."

"I REMEMBER as well as if it only happened yesterday, that in my younger days I once walked twenty miles at a stretch for the purpose of thrashing a hated rival."  
"And did you return on foot?"  
"No, they brought me back in an ambulance."

INDIGNANT SUBSCRIBER: "I say, look here, you know, what do you mean by announcing the birth of my tenth child under the heading of 'Distressing Occurrence'?"

COUNTRY EDITOR: "Dear, dear, I hadn't noticed it; that must be the foreman's doings, he's a married man himself."

"I WISH to submit a lyric, sir," said the timid young man. "My friends say it's a beauty—really sings itself."  
"Humph!" said the cold-hearted editor. "We couldn't use a poem like that. We want one that, once printed, will remain perfectly quiet, and not keep our readers awake by singing itself at all times."

"ARE you not ashamed to look your children in the face?" hissed the unhappy girl.  
Her father bit his lip; that done, he cut loose.  
"I will not longer endure to be unjustly reproached!" he cried. "You children get your pug noses from your mother's side!"

Sinking into a chair, he wept weak tears; not strong enough, indeed, to fade the colours in the upholstery.

### "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" INSURANCE COUPON.

The signing of this coupon by the purchaser will be sufficient to entitle his or her next-of-kin or legal representative to the benefits of the £2,000 Railway Insurance and the Cycling Insurance, provided the conditions of the insurance coupon have been fulfilled.

Signature.....

Available from 5 p.m., Friday, Aug. 19th, 1898, until midnight, Saturday, Aug. 27th, 1898. For full particulars see column 7, page 124.

### SIMPLY TAKE

### A POST-CARD

and address it to the Editor under the following conditions:

## Ten £5 Notes Given Away Every Week.

Perhaps there is One for You.

Every week the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY addresses Ten Envelopes to Ten People in various parts of the Country. Inside each envelope he places a Five-Pound Note, and locks them away in his private safe. All you have to do is to apply to this office on a Post-card, asking if one of these Five-Pound Notes has been addressed to you, giving your full name and address.

The names have been picked out at random from the Post Office Directories, so it is just possible notes have been awarded to people who are not readers of this paper. No note will be given unless it is applied for, so it would be advisable to tell your friends to drop us a POST-CARD, whether they are readers or not.

All applications for No. 4 Distribution must reach us by Saturday, August 27th, addressed to THE "NOTE" EDITOR,

4, Pearson's Buildings,  
Henrietta Street,  
London, W.C.

### RESULT OF FIRST DISTRIBUTION.

OUT of the ten names and addresses selected in the first announcement of this distribution three have been applied for, and £5 has consequently been forwarded to each of these lucky people.

Their names and addresses are given below, together with those of the remaining seven who would have had £5 each had they applied. They are now, of course, too late.

#### WINNERS:

Mr. ROBERT HAMILTON, 49 McCulloch Street, Pollok shields, Glasgow.  
Mr. W. BUKROWS, 29 Barrack Street, Norwich.  
Mr. WILLIAM HENRY LEY, 34 South Street, Newport, Barnstable.

The following people each missed £5 by not applying, either through indifference or through not reading P.W.:

MISS ALISON MURRAY, 38 North Fort Street, Leith, Edinburgh.  
HENRY EDWARD BIRCH, 110 Percy Road, Forest Gate, E.  
ROBERT MAXWELL, Clarendon Road, Leeds.  
GEORGE R. SIMS, 12 Clarence Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.  
ARTHUR MAXEY, 591 Abbeydale Road, Sheffield.  
FRANCIS OSBORNE, 88A Haggerston Road, N.E.  
MRS. HOSKINS, 1 Motley Villas, Drainside North, Skirbeck, Lincs.

It has been suggested that only householders are eligible in this scheme, as the names of lodgers and sub-tenants do not appear in the directory. There is no reason, however, why the name of some friend whose address is in the directory should not be used, with that friend's consent, and he would gladly do this for a portion of the £5, if received.

Although your name may not have been amongst those selected in the first distribution, there is no reason whatever why it should not be this week. So apply again, and tell your friends to apply—on a post-card.

The Result of the Second Announcement will appear Next Week.

"THAT'S FROM P.W.I"

ADVENTURES OF A WAR  
CORRESPONDENT.

BY WALTER E. GREGAN.

## IV. — "THE GENTLEMAN RANKER."

"Look here, Beverley, what the dickens do you mean by this?"

When Dick Harrington was angry he deceived no one: the whole club-room knew it, and sat firm in their chairs. He was no fiercer than a fly-stung bull, and bellowed. I saw that something in the newspaper, for which I was responsible to a fastidious and nerveless syndicate, had annoyed him. He had been striding up and down the room, and the paper, my paper, showed signs of bad usage as he flurried its crumpled state in my face.

"My dear Dick, what is it?" I asked meekly.

"What is it?" he echoed in this case the echo being louder than the original: the eminent war correspondent of the Daily Telegraph being much moved. "What is it? The most sickening rot ever penned by a Fleet Street journalist with his heart in the sublimity! Look here! Look at this paragraph!" He pushed the newspaper before me.

"I am afraid, Dick, it is too much for me. You have put your finger through the place."

"Who writes these personal lies about men who are entitled to life? This column, this 'Concerning all Men'! Tell him to go into the wall and burn, and come back again and be humble. We regret to learn that the Hon. Herbert Pash, Lord Blank's second son, has enlisted in the Seventh Dragon Guards. His action has caused considerable pain to his Lordship. Why do you regret? I know the Hon. Herbert. He came to town a raw boy, and has been picking up all the vices knocking about with the idea that he is learning wisdom and the world. I tell you the troopers in the Seventh will make him a man faster than all your boasted town civilisation!"

"Come, Dick," I said, "you know more of these things than I do. Enlighten me."

"The cub has sense, for he has enlisted. When a man gets low down, the best thing he can do is to take a shilling at the back of the National Gallery and go and serve Her Majesty. They'll bake him and tell him which is his right foot, and in a year or so he will be a man. There are many gentlemen pipeclaying their belts up and down the British Empire, and they make no worse a soldier than the gutter-born cockney. I remember a case—"

"My dear Dick, the illustration of your point. Come, I will give you my attention."

"His name in the regimental register was Smith, Thomas Smith; his name in Pall Mall was something else. He came out as a recruit to help fill the ribs of an attenuated battalion, sweating and swearing at the foot of the hills. I saw him two days after he joined. Pall Mall clung to him, he was raw through and through, and he had worn his fetters long enough for them to begin to chafe. He looked sullen and he was alone. I saw him many times afterwards, and he was always alone and generally sullen. He was taking it badly, I knew the signs, and the lads began to work him, for his own good, only the fellow was too sick to see it."

"In barracks, in the canteen, they were at him, working him until his soul was in a ferment, and his heart was black with murder. There is nothing so brutal, for those who are not used to it, as the rough chaff of a lot of men who have nothing to do but wheel and dress and march to command, and nothing so cheery when you have found yourself, and you know that the others know it, too."

"Young Smith came out with a sense of superiority, which a rough scramble through a sleepy depot had not worn away, and the others, who were soldiers, did not see it. He helped to spoil his company—it was F company, which had a pride in itself, and swung well forward at the march past—and his company resented it, and his aloofness and his sickening belief that he was something more than a Tommy Atkins who sweated and swore for a bob a day."

"'E ain't a bloomin' D. A. G.," said Private James Martin to me one day. "'E ain't Little Bobs, 'e's a Tommy like us all, 'e is. 'Wot's 'e done that 'e gives 'isselt frills? Look at 'is belts! They're a disgrace, they is. Thinks 'isselt too much a bloomin' dook to mess about wi' pipeclay! An' 'wot'll learn 'is drill neither, 'e won't, an' 'e gets bully-ragged by the old 'un, bless 'im fer a bloomin' rainrod! It's sick-min', that's 'wot it is!'"

"All of which showed me that young Smith was being broken in roughly, and recanted the whole operation."

"Martin was a bit out in his summing up, being blinded with a sincere dislike to the lad, and a desire for a grumble unchecked by limitations. He was an old soldier with a certain love of his trade, and a supreme contempt of all 'recruits.' He might have been thirty-five, and he ruled his room with a glib tongue, and a proneness for pack drill, which went far with the men. For the pack drill was the result of a lofty disregard for the minor rules of barrack life, and not for any shirking or acts unbecoming a soldier. It was Smith's misfortune that he slept in Martin's room, and the breaking in was all the more thorough."

"Smith had the makings of a soldier, and bit by bit he wriggled into harness. When they went to the butts he found the bull easily enough, and his shooting went far to wipe out the feeling against him. If it had not been for Martin he might have been left alone after that, but Martin kept on working him, chaffing him, bullying him, until his life was a long misery."

"As Martin said, 'The begger thinks 'isselt no end of a bloomin' toff. 'Wot's 'e? A gentleman ranker, a chap 'wot's made a muck of 'is loife. Lor! I was more of a man when I was doin' cart wheels down Coving Garding for browns nor iver 'e'll be.'"

"And he girded at him and goaded him and made game of him until Smith sprang at him one night after lights out, and there was pandemonium in room No. 12, for the space of five minutes. It took three men and the orderly sergeant to separate them and march them to the guard room, and they each had a time in the cells for moralising which went no way towards healing the breach."

"Shortly after that, one of the Hill tribes got up a shindy on its own account, rushed an outpost and took to stealing cattle. This would have been all very well if there had happened to be a man at the head of affairs who would have sent a few companies of Goorkhas up to close the entertainment, but there was not. The governor of the district was an old woman, who had given much study to the native language, of which there are many, and knew nothing of the native character, which is all alike. He probably would have been successful with a village Sunday school, but in the ruling of men he was about as useful as an old lady in a political free fight. He dispatched a commissioner and a small detachment who were promptly murdered, and then the whole border began to blaze."

"As it happened, the battalion in which Smith had enlisted was handiest, and it was sent forward to help the Guides and the Goorkhas punish a crime which would never have been committed if the Governor had had less faith and more grit."

"The next day the battalion swung out of the barracks, were encamped, then disencamped, and began a march of seven days with the sun shooting fire at them. I went with the battalion, making friends with the Adjutant, and wondering how the dickens I should get my copy down to the vines."

"We marched and we were because the baggage never would keep up with us, crawling up mountains and fording rivers, doing entry-go all night and plodding on all day with loaded belts and the ambulance waggons growing feller and feller with sunstrokes. Sometimes we lost touch of the Guides and the Goorkhas, and the Brigade General in charge of the affair sent insulting messages to the Chief, who in turn pounded the men. And every day the baggage was lost, and came in later with the mules in a lather and the Transport Corps in an unholy temper and fit companions for no men."

"When we had crawled and camped for six days, pursuing a foe that ran like rabbits before us without the chance of a shot, the picnic began to pall upon the men. We burnt a village or two, but even that could not hearten us."

"Once or twice I tried to be civil to Smith, but he curled up like a hedgehog and was prickly all over. When a man has come a purser and goes in for serving Her Majesty in the ranks he generally wants to be let alone for the first six months. It is good for him, and it is best to let him have it out. If there is any grit in him it comes uppermost at the last. But that six months is a deal bitterer than death."

"The grit in Smith began to show on that march. He seemed to realise that there was not a great disparity between a gentleman ranker and a Tommy taken out of the gutter, and that humanity is pretty much the same under the wrappings. I saw him helping a comrade who had gone lame and wouldn't give in; I saw him making an effort to talk, I heard him whistle, and I looked at the company sergeant-major and winked."

"On the seventh day F company was brusquely detailed for the relief of a small hill fort round which the tribesmen were sitting. One company the chief in command deemed ample. 'They'll run when they see you,' he said. It was nearly a day's march from the column and the way lay through some nasty brushwood."

"Come with us," said Aldridge, the Captain. 'We may have some fun, but if you stay with the column you will have nothing but the daily tally of lost baggage mules, and a few cases of sunstroke. If we do strike the Pathans there will be a dust, but they're quicksilver, and it's hopeless.'"

"So I went with F company, slinking out in the early sun followed by the envious looks of the column."

"Who's for 'Amptstead 'Eath?' Martin cried. 'This is a picnic, this is! Me lord, 'ave you sent the keiridge on?' this to young Smith, followed by a splutter of sniggering from the files and the growls of the sergeants trying to keep order. Discipline was not defined with too hard a hand up in the hills, and the company went forward easily. We halted at tiffin, we halted at noon, and we laughed and chaffed and told stories which were neither new nor true. And we were unconcerned, though the brush might be a screen for a thousand brown devils, for we knew each other and had faith in the Captain. Martin was particularly joyful. He was the first to realise and be thankful for a relaxation of discipline, and he was great at tales. He had seen much. He had jolted through the Khyber Pass and had used a bayonet at Kandahar, and he had one god whom he worshipped in a familiar and somewhat patronising manner, and his name was 'Little Bobs.'"

"Wot are you?" he asked, scornfully, of the newer joined men, and particularly of Smith, who sat cross-legged, with his helmet at the back of his head, and a short pipe in his mouth. 'Wot are you? A set of babies, unbaked, unlicked, snivelling, loose-backed boys, who'd buckle up with corns at a decent march! Pray you may never meet 'Little Bobs.' 'E knows a soldier, 'e does, and 'e 'ates a raw 'un, 'e does, as a bloomin' Jew 'ates a County Court judge. I 'opes we don't meet nothin' more'n a pig to-day.'"

"And Smith spoke: 'We can handle our rifles, we know our right hands from our left, and we can see straight, and there is nothing in the world will make us forget we are in F company.'"

"'Ark to 'im, 'ark to 'im! There niver was a 'ero like the 'ero who has only smelt powder at a sham fight or a few-dry-jew. 'Ark to 'im! 'Wot will yer do when yer gets the trees and the bloomin' grass a-spittin' bullets at yer flank, an' no sight of a head ter aim at?'"

"It was getting within two hours of twilight, and we were in thick brush and jungle growth, when we caught

the splutter of rifles speaking in quick, irregular fash. Then the ranks closed up, and the lads settled their bayonets, and their feet came down on the earth with a firmer touch. Martin grinned as he heard the call of the rifles.

"'Lor, love 'em!—they're the Martinis. I'd know their voice anywhere.'"

"'Half a mile away,' said Aldridge. 'That must be the Sikhs in Fort Mutterjee. Two companies they have, and a detachment of gunners, and old Thomas is in command.' And he grew anxious as he looked at the brushwood."

"We scrambled on as quickly as we could, and, taking a right incline, we came upon a knoll, and upon the knoll was a small stone building, with walls half pulled down and with no roof. Under us the ground ran down into a gulch, and across the gulch was Fort Mutterjee. There was a clearing round the building, for the matter of four hundred yards, and between us and the Fort the tribesmen lay. When we saw them we grew serious, for there were over a thousand of them, and they lay in cover, and the cover lay up the opposite sides of the gulch very near the Fort. The firing had slackened, but every now and then a nine-pounder spoke heavily from the Fort, and there was a crackle from the loopholed walls. The tribesmen were silent, except on the flanks, and we could see that they were quietly massing for a rush at the centre."

"'Oh, for a nine-pounder!' sighed Aldridge."

"The sub was for a bayonet charge. He was raw, and his imagination was excited by novels of old Pathfinder days, and he was an authority upon the doings of Clive."

"But Aldridge had been dried by Indian suns for many years, and wisdom had come with the grey hairs and the temples, so he marched his company into the left flank, where the walls were a little over breast high, and he called the doorway with some of the masonry tumbling about. In the meantime, we heliographed the Fort, and found that Thomas was easily holding his own."

"'As safe as houses,' came the message, so that the relieving detachment only was in peril."

"The Pathans found us quickly and came up our side. We could see them slipping in and out of the trees and undergrowth, and the raven men began to grow restless."

"'Steady, lads, steady!' cried Aldridge."

"'Thirty rounds—wot's thirty rounds?' muttered Martin, but he sat down quietly and waited, and the sergeants and officers watched."

"A spatter of leaden rain beat against our walls and whistled piercingly over our heads, and the nine-pounder from the Fort joined screeching in the concert, and still the Pathans crawled towards us, but we held our fire."

"'Keep yer bloomin' 'ands still, wot's yer?' said Martin to a recruit nervously playing with his rifle."

"When they reached the clearing they paused, gathering themselves together, and then they rushed. When they were well in the open we spoke."

"'Aim low, lads, low!' cried Aldridge, and Martin said, 'It's like bowlin' the cockernuts over at 'Amptstead.'"

"Three times they rushed and we headed them off with a hot stinging fire and the nine-pounders ploughed them in their cover. And then twilight came and sat upon the land, and blackness came on the top of that. As luck had it, not one of Aldridge's command was hit seriously. There were a few scratches and I had a bullet through the fleshy part of my left forearm, but that was all."

"Aldridge took counsel with his sub for appearance sake and with the company sergeant for advice."

"'To-morrow,' he said, 'will see us wiped out, we can't hold this tumbled down shanty and the ammunition is shivering. We must get.'"

"In the darkest of the night we moved out, marching closely and silently, making a detour and going down the gulch where the Pathans were not. The ground was rough, and we slipped and slid and sent little stones rolling until we thought it must wake the whole of the dead, but suddenly the night had its own sounds silenced by a sharp fusillade on our right."

"Aldridge was sliding down beside me. 'Good old Thomas is talking,' he said. Then I knew that the heliograph had spoken from the knoll to the Fort, and Captain Thomas was covering our march."

"Up the side of the gulch we panted guided by the flash of the rifles, and then when not more than a hundred yards from the clearing surrounding the Fort we had the Pathans on our flank."

"'Fix bayonets!' Aldridge cried, throwing us into a rough square and hurrying forward. We answered nothing, so that the fire pattered gently over us and round us, for the Pathans had no certainty for directness of fire."

"We reached the clearing and the moon shone out suddenly on our bayonets. There was a snarl and a growl, and we were using cold steel, pushing onwards with the tribesmen hanging on to our flanks, heading us and taking us in the rear. Then the men of F company, recruits and all, set their teeth and began to act as becomes British soldiers. I emptied my revolvers and took a rifle from a boy with a smashed arm. The walls of the Fort frowned over us when there was another rush, and I found myself with Martin and Smith standing over Aldridge, who was squirming on the ground, and a knot of Pathans running on our bayonets."

"'Get home!' said Aldridge, but Martin answered him: 'Up yer comes—I used to run like this yere in the regimental sports—come on!' and he hoisted his Captain on his shoulders."

"Then we made for the Fort, Smith and I covering Martin, who raced like a man with death after him. We got in all right, but it was one of the narrowest things I've done."

"In the Fort, Martin went up to Smith."

"'Give us yer 'and,' he said. 'Ye're a bloomin' well-plucked 'un you are, gentleman ranker or no gentleman ranker. An' I'm as dry as a lime kiln, an' we've done the 'eathen an' 'Gord bless the wider over the seas.'"

"That's how Smith was made a man in the ranks of a line regiment. He is a country squire now, and Martin is his gamekeeper. Yes, they palled on afterwards, and they're pals now."

When the French and German sailors get back, wounded and dying, to French soil after the futile attack on Worthing, there's a pretty how-d'ye-do, we can tell you. If you don't believe us, get this week's SHORT STORIES, and read "The Final War."

## Quite a Family Affair.

A WEALTHY widow was about to marry a widower, whose sole possession consisted of a family of small children.

On the day set apart for the happy event a friend of the prospective groom met one of the children, a little girl of six years, and to see what she would say he accosted her with:

"Where are you going, Jenny, all dressed up so fine?"  
"I'm going to a wedding," she said proudly.  
"Whose wedding?" was his next query.  
"Mrs. Noble's," replied she.  
"And who is Mrs. Noble going to marry?"  
"Why," said she in an astonished tone, "don't you know? She's going to marry us!"

## All Civilised Races Use Stimulants.

THE desire for stimulants of some kind, and a knowledge of their beneficial action when used in moderation, seem to be instinctive in all but the very lowest races of mankind.

At first sight it would seem that the Moslem races would form an exception to this rule, but that is not the case.

As a matter of religious discipline they abstain from alcohol, but in coffee and opium they have stimulants better suited to inhabitants of hot countries than alcohol. The same may be said of the Hindoos, and the large numbers of Mongols who take no alcohol. These races are in about the third rank of civilisation.

In the first two ranks, not only is there no race which uses no stimulants, but it is a fact that the complexity and variety of stimulants used increase directly with the development of the civilisation.

## Sticks as Sea Charts.

EXPLANATION OF THE WONDERFUL NAVIGATING  
FEATS OF NATIVES OF THE MARSHALL ISLANDS.

THE Marshall Islands, which lie just east of the Carolines in the equatorial Pacific, contain the most daring sailors known.

They are constantly performing feats in navigation that European sailors feared to venture on long after they had the compass, which instrument, by the way, the Marshall Islanders reject as useless.

The archipelago lies in two widely separated groups, the Radeck and the Ralick chains, and in each chain the islands lie for the most part at extensive intervals. Yet the native pilots conduct voyages all over their own archipelago and to the Carolines in one direction and the Gilberts in another.

For this voyage they rely upon charts of their own construction, the knowledge having been handed down from remote antiquity. These charts are generally about a yard square, and are constructed of slender sticks tied together.

At some intersections of the sticks are fastened small shells, which stand for the different islands.

The pilot posts himself in the bow of the vessel with his chart before him. He begins by establishing the particular shell corresponding to the island from which he is just sailing.

He sets the course as indicated by one of the sticks radiating from that shell in the proper direction. Thereafter he watches the course in the sea with very slight use of the heavenly bodies for the determination of direction.

They make no secret of their art. They are often at great pains to teach it to white men, and wonder that no one has yet been found capable of grasping it.

Their explanation is that each stick on the chart shows the course of a stream in the sea, and that by following the streams they can find their way to their destination. They claim to see these streams with their intersections just as shown by the sticks.

Whatever may be the explanation, it is certain that they navigate hundreds of miles of empty ocean with neither compass nor chronometer, nor other instrument save a chart of sticks.

If by any accident they go astray they make no attempt to continue the voyage, but run at once down to leeward until they make a familiar landfall, often as far to the west as the Carolines.

MUCH SILENCE.—Molloy: "When Mr. Sapp y called on you last night did silence reign?"  
Dolly: "Yes; in fact, it stormed."

"PENELOPE hates men, and she is collecting pipes."  
"Isn't that rather contradictory?"  
"No; she says she is keeping that many men from smoking that many pipes."

"You are the only physician of all I've consulted who hasn't advised me to go to the Riviera," said a patient.  
"They can afford it. They've got more patients than I have," replied the doctor.

## FURNITURE FOR THE DEAD.

BIRMINGHAM being the acknowledged centre of the trade in coffin fittings of all descriptions, to Birmingham P.W. went for the purpose of collecting at the fountain head some reliable information concerning the business in these articles, which everybody has eventually to make use of and of which everybody knows so little.

As regards the external ornaments for coffins, there is nothing of special interest in the manufacture above the ordinary business for metal-working—a process of which it is impossible to give a comprehensive description on paper—save that in the case of most foreign orders the metal is coloured black instead of being polished, and the designs are naturally of a different character to those found on British or American coffin furniture.

The Americans exhibit a distinct appreciation of things bright and dainty in matters of this kind; and their fondness for silver-ware results in a larger average expenditure being made by them than is indulged in by the British public. The tendency in England to-day is to make funerals a great deal cheaper as well as more cheerful than has been customary in the past.

The morbid dread of seeing anything pertaining to funerals would also appear to be giving place to a morbid desire to show interest in them.

The gentleman to whom I am indebted for much of my information said that, whereas a few years ago undertakers were instructed to bring their goods into a private house at a time when most of the inmates were not in a position to witness their entry, the orders are now to bring the coffin at such-and-such a time "as we should like to be in when it comes."

The average middle-classes seldom bother themselves as to the value of the article, but arrange to pay a certain sum, and take it for granted that the goods are worth the money.

Not so the poorer classes. The coffin is taken into the house and remains on view for two or three days, being critically examined by the friends and acquaintances of the deceased, and opinions freely passed as to the quality of the workmanship.

Occasionally a wealthy person will have his coffin built and richly ornamented, and keep it by him on show in his house; another will stipulate that, at his death, the coffin shall be made from the timber on his estates; while those African chiefs who have adopted the English form of burial, send orders to the Birmingham firms for coffins constructed of brass.

It is a curious fact that, although practically every coffin manufactured at the present time is equipped with handles, these appendages are never put to the use for which they are obviously intended in any part of the country with the exception of Birmingham and Chester; the strips of cloth or lengths of rope, used to lower the box, are passed under it.

On the interior of the coffins large sums are frequently lavished, and the rich hand-needlework on many of the white velvet, silk and satin shrouds is in many cases fit to embellish a ball dress. In this direction, as in the external ornamentation of their coffins, the Americans spend more than any other people, the total sum disbursed on this kind of thing alone sometimes exceeding £400 for a single coffin.

To a large extent shrouds are going out of date in this country and are giving place to the "side slips," while winding sheets are supplied only in fulfilment of special orders. As a matter of fact, the genuine winding sheet—the long strip of material wound round the body in the same way as mummies were treated—has seldom been used in this country.

It appears that in Scotland shrouds are sold at linen drapers' shops, and the relatives of the deceased purchase the sort of garment they require, frequently trying it on themselves to see how it looks.

Ireland has a weakness for bright colours, and many of the interior fittings sent there by English manufacturers are of all colours of the rainbow. In certain parts of Surrey, notably around Guildford and Godalming, the folk always use shrouds, and fill up the coffin with wadding—a custom which does not appear to obtain in any other district of Great Britain.

Another remarkable fact connected with this particular business is that in the summer the relatives of a deceased person invariably select cool material for clothing the body, while during the winter warm material is chosen.

This is not done purposely; it is the expression of a sub-conscious anxiety for the comfort of the deceased person.

## Result of Cricket Competition No. 12.

THE prize of £25 goes this week to  
Mr. JOHN NELSON,  
33 Summer Hill Avenue,  
Newport, Mon.,

whose attempt contained two mistakes only. This competitor deserves the success he has attained, for he has regularly posted his sheets of coupons for some weeks past.

## Why You Screw up Your Eyelids.

THE muscles of the crystalline lens in an ordinary eye adjust the shape of the lens so as to make the images of objects at all distances fall on the retina.

In the short-sighted eye the perfect image is formed in front of the retina, and a blurred image consequently on the retina itself.

On screwing up the eyelids, the crystalline lens is compressed, and its focal length is increased so that a clear image falls on the retina. A similar effect can be produced by judiciously pressing the eye with two fingers, as short-sighted people can easily verify.

Some physiologists also say that screwing up the eyelids causes the tear-fluid to form a second (concave) lens over the crystalline lens, and so corrects its fault.

## In Doubt About the Bishop.

THE modern church verger, though by no means so interesting a person as the old parish clerk, is still sometimes guilty of a stroke of unconscious humour. A curate who had previously officiated at a very famous London church, where the sexes were divided, the men sitting on one side of the aisle, and the women on the other, once told me a very amusing story of their official. The service was just about to commence.

The long procession of the surpliced choir was drawn up in the vestry, just about to march into the church. The vicar was commencing the words of the vestry prayer, when the official in question popped his head through the door and remarked:

"Please, sir, there's a bishop got in among the ladies. Shall I have him out?"

## Flies by the Billion.

THINK OF THIS ON A HOT DAY.

PROFESSOR HOWARD, of the Washington Entomological Bureau, has made a careful computation, and declares that a single female fly may in one season become the ancestress of 4,472,286,103,628,713,559,320 flies. This estimate supposes that all her progeny and descendants, generation after generation, survive and enjoy favourable conditions for the propagation of the species—which condition of things does not occur in nature.

Such a figure is too vast for us to grasp, and we must reduce it to some basis of reckoning. By the very accurate weighing of one member of the tribe of window-panes buzzers, the weight was found to be two centigrammes; that is, it would take 1,400 flies to make an ounce avoirdupois. Measurement showed that the creature was four-teenths of an inch long.

With these figures we can arrive at some interesting conclusions. To make a pound, 22,400 flies would be required, which means that 50,176,000 of the little pests go to the ton.

Try to imagine a ton of flies! Yet it is not such an extraordinary quantity. A good-sized elephant weighs ten tons, yet it would be balanced on the scale by only a proportion of the number of flies mentioned by Professor Howard.

Calculation shows that Howard's enormous figure would make 8,900,000,000,000 fly-elephants. But the remarkable nature of the statement is not fully apparent without a little more easy arithmetic.

To prevent the evil of overcrowding among elephants, it would be necessary to give to each one an average space measuring fifteen feet square—that is, 225 square feet. It follows, therefore, that 123,000 fly-elephants could stand on one square mile of territory. But when we look at that figure and compare it with our total of 8,900,000,000,000, we ask ourselves how great an area would be required to accommodate them all. Nearly twice the total area of the globe would be needed to give all those monsters standing room.

HE: "I only pay a shilling an hour for this boat."  
SHE: "That's why I like it. It's a regular bargain sail."

JULIA: "Did you say Maggie is trying to get into business?"  
Jennie: "Yes."  
"What kind of business does she want to get into?"  
"Everybody's."

"THERE is no doubt that John Bull and Uncle Sam are growing very chummy."  
"Decidedly. I understand they have privately apologised to each other for the House of Lords and the Senate."

SHE: "There are people who use religion as a cloak."  
HE: "I know it."  
"What will they do in the next world, do you think?"  
"Oh, they won't need any cloak there."

Read about the famous cream and black horses, the highest aristocracy of the horse world, in this week's ATHLETIC RECORD.

## QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

### REPLIES.

#### 448. Is there any Example of a Well-known Authoress Transmitting her Talents to her Children?

In view of the fact that many clever men have had their abilities traced to inheritance from the mother rather than the father, it is singular that remarkably few women writers have had distinguished offspring. This is probably to be attributed to the fact that many of them have been either unmarried or childless; while many women of obvious talent have been hindered by family duties from wielding the pen, and have only shone in the children to whom they transmitted their powers. We have, however, the case of the Trollopes; the mother, Frances Trollope, wrote "The Widow Barnaby," and other novels and miscellaneous works, and her two sons, Thomas and Anthony, gained fame in the same way, though to a greater degree. Another instance is that of the Schopenhauers. Joanna Schopenhauer was the authoress of four-and-twenty novels; her son, Arthur, was the founder of a system of extreme pessimism in support of which he wrote many clever though gloomy works. Mrs. Browning's only son is a sculptor of merit, Sara Coleridge's was a philologist. Sheridan's mother was a dramatist and novelist of considerable note in her day.

#### 449. Where do People Get Drunk by Eating Clay?

Clay-eaters are found in the West Indies, Honduras, and some of the regions round the Orinoco. They are not necessarily of any particular tribe, for even whites have fallen victims to this degrading and fatal habit. It does not exactly produce intoxication, but rather infatuation. The habit will be contracted as early as twelve years old, and the craving, once acquired, appears to be irresistible. It has never been actually determined what properties the so-called edible clay possesses, but its effects are as undeniable as those of alcohol. Victims to the habit will lie down and lick the earth where the clay is found. They suffer from chronic dyspepsia and emaciation, and in spite of the pain and weakness, they cannot do without the clay any more than the confirmed drunkard can do without his alcohol. In some parts this clay is whitish grey, sometimes yellowish-pink. There appears to be lime in it and also the remains of minute organisms. It is sometimes eaten baked and sometimes raw. A confirmed clay-eater will take four, five, or even six pounds a day. Water is drunk with it, and it seems to give an aversion not only to other kinds of food, but also to alcoholic drinks. As soon as this stage is reached the habit invariably ends in death.

#### 452. Is there an Instance in English Literature of an Obscure Poem Containing an Immortal Line?

Not one, but many. To take a few examples almost at random, we have in Prior's "Henry and Emma," "Fine by degrees and beautifully less"; in the same author's "Lady's Looking-glass," "Be to her faults a little blind, be to her virtues very kind"; in Young's "Night Thoughts" the oft-quoted lines "Man wants but little, nor wants that little long," and "Procrastination is the thief of time"; and in Lee's "Alexander the Great" the familiar "When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war," which is so invariably misquoted. Dryden, in the "Conquest of Granada," has "as free as Nature first made man, when wild in woods the noble savage ran"; and in "Cymon and Iphigenia" gives us "Whistled as he went for want for thought." Congreve's "Mourning Bride" contains the well-known line, "Music has charms to soothe the savage breast." "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind" is from Garrick's "Prologue on Leaving the Stage"; and the familiar and immortal line "Westward the course of Empire takes its way" is from an insignificant and now-forgotten poem by Bishop Berkeley.

#### 451. Which Nation Owe Most of its Prosperity to Individuals Rather than to its Government?

The British nation affords the best answer, whether it be viewed at home, or in the greater Britain of its colonies and dependencies. Education, railways, the telegraph, iron and coal mining, and the majority of the other foundations of our national prosperity have been the outcome of individual effort but little assisted by government, while trade and commerce have flourished and expanded through individual enterprise alone, being rather opposed and thwarted by oppressive government impositions. Even at the height of England's naval greatness the government trained none of its seamen, but stole those trained by the merchantmen. Our rule in India and our Colonial Empire was built up almost entirely by individual effort, and has again and again had a hard struggle for existence, owing to the pigheaded obstinacy and ignorance of our rulers. Individual effort planted colonies in America, which our government lost through mismanagement, and government penal settlements impeded the efforts of individual settlers in Australia for many years. When we consider other nations, such as Germany, where nearly all colonies, industries, means of communication, and the like are under government control, the contrast with this country is very striking.

#### 453. Which is the Earliest Instance of a Child being Recognized as a King?

The earliest authenticated instance would appear to be that of Joash, the son of Ahaziah, who was saved by his aunt Jehoshaphat from the massacre ordered by the Queen-mother Athaliah, when he was one year old. He was hidden in the Temple for six years under the guardianship of Jehoiada the priest before he was made known to the people, and began to reign at seven years of age. This was about 850 B.C. The next instance is that of Joash, who, in 641, succeeded his father Amon at the age of eight. We know, also, that many of the Ptolemies began to reign when they were quite children. Thus Ptolemy Epiphanes began to reign under Roman protection when he was only five. This was in 204 B.C., and he was succeeded by Ptolemy Philometer, who was only six. The first case in our own history was Edward the Martyr, who succeeded his father, Edgar the Peaceful, in 975, when he was twelve years old. Ethelred the Unready became king when he was ten, and William the Conqueror was proclaimed Duke of Normandy at eight.

#### 454. Has Tea-Drinking ever been Illegal in England?

It would not be quite correct to say that it was ever actually illegal, but serious attempts were made to stop its consumption by prohibitive duties and popular prejudice. It appears to have been first publicly sold in England as a decoction at Garraway's coffee-house, in Exchange Alley. A duty of eighteenpence per gallon was then put on the decoction, and this was subsequently changed for one of 5s. a pound on the leaf. Its qualities were little known, and agitations were attempted with the object of getting its consumption made illegal. The practice of tea-drinking, however, spread rapidly, especially among ladies, but popular prejudice was still very strong against it, and to ask for a cup of tea after dinner instead of wine, was to incur the suspicion of being addicted to an unhealthy and degrading habit.

#### 455. Who may be Most Justly Styled the Prototype of the Modern Professional Agitator?

Cleon, the Athenian. Soon after the death of Pericles, a new class of politicians, the Demagogues, appeared in Athens. Of this class, Cleon, the featherseller, was the most remarkable. He belonged by birth to the people, and abandoned his trade to take up the more lucrative one of politics. Between 428 and 422 B.C. he had great political influence with the Athenian democracy. He was a man of considerable ability and a powerful speaker, though coarse and rough in his language and manner. The oligarchal party and the rich he denounced in unmeasured terms. The people he flattered. To judge of his character is not easy, for our knowledge of it is derived almost entirely from two of his personal enemies, Thucydides and Aristophanes. These represent him as an unscrupulous knave, who enriched himself by taking bribes, and stopped at no calumny

in his endeavours to injure his opponents. It is probable that, like many professional agitators of modern times, he was more honest than his opponents believed, though by no means so disinterested as himself pretended. Aristophanes was his most bitter enemy, and satirized him humorously in some of his comedies, especially in *The Knights*. In this play Aristophanes introduced a character intended to represent Cleon, and when he could find no actor bold enough to take the part, acted it himself.

#### 458. Where were the First Public Telegraph Lines Set up?

The first telegraph line that was worked for commercial purposes and as a public line was set up on the Great Western Railway to work the five-wire telegraph of Wheatstone and Cooke. The line first ran between West Drayton and Slough in 1833. It was prolonged to London, and the country tradesmen used to send messages and orders over it at the rate of one shilling a message. It is noteworthy that this line was the first one instrumental in preventing the escape of a criminal from justice. The Quaker, Savell, was arrested by its means in 1845. Prior to this, Wheatstone and Cooke had communicated with each other between Fenchurch and Camden Town over a telegraph line, but this was only an experiment. In 1836 Morse, in America, demonstrated the possibility of electric communication, but it was not until May, 1844, that the first telegraph line in America was at work. It ran between Washington and Baltimore. The first public telegraph company, the Electric International Co., bought up Wheatstone's patents, and began to build lines along the railways. This company, with others which had absorbed, was bought by the State at a cost of ten millions. In 1844, Wheatstone completed his plans for a submarine telegraph, and the first undersea cable between Dover and Calais was working in 1851. Seven years later the first Atlantic cable was laid.

#### 459. What is the Best Historical Comparison between Iron and Gold?

Taking iron as synonymous with inflexibility and firmness, and gold for want of stability, we may in this connection compare Cardinal Richelieu with Louis XIII. of France. Louis XIII. was a not only weak monarch, and the clue to his weakness lay in his lack of power to stand alone, even as gold will not wear if unalloyed. His inclinations were frivolous, and he showed little liking for the cares of State, and played but a subordinate part in the conduct of home and foreign affairs, but it is true that he realised that the policy of Richelieu tended to the greatness of his kingdom. Hence Richelieu, who his iron will, worked on them about as he pleased. With this pliable monarch we contrast the iron-hearted, unwieldy, unbending Richelieu who ruled France. Under his hand the King was effaced, and in pursuit of his policy of establishing the absolute power of the throne he coerced all parties in France, stamped down the elements of freedom and constitutional life, broke the power of the Huguenots; and such was the fertility of his resources that, though he lived for eighteen years in the midst of conspiracies against his power, and even against his life, he thwarted them constantly to the end.

#### 460. Which is the Largest Coin in Use at Present?

The largest gold coin now in circulation is the gold ingot, or "loaf," of Anam, a French Colony in Eastern Asia. It is a flat round gold piece, and on it is written in Indian ink its value, which is about £35. The next sized coin to this valuable but extremely awkward one is the "obang" of Japan, which weighs rather more than two ounces and a half, and is worth about £10 16s. 10d. This is followed closely by the "beni" of Ashantee, representing £10 13s. 4d. The Californian fifty-dollar piece, octagonal in shape, is worth £10 8s. 1d., and after it comes the old cobang, of Japan, worth £6 17s. 9d. The heaviest silver coin in the world belongs to Anam, where the silver ingot is worth £44, and is fully as cumbersome as the gold ingot. Next comes the Dena of Tuscany (which legally is out of circulation, but as a matter of fact, is still current), worth 6s. 8d., followed by the Chinese tael, nominally equal to 6s. 6d., the Austrian Double Vereins Thaler, worth 6s., and the Dinh-bac, of Anam, of the same value.

### Why Spend a Week-end in England When you can go to

PARIS for - - - - - £2 12s. 6d.

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The great success of our trips to Paris throughout the summer months of last year has led us to enter into arrangements with Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son to repeat the scheme during the present summer.

Leaving London on Friday night, from London Bridge or Victoria, travelling via Newhaven and Dieppe to Paris, passengers will arrive there on Saturday morning.

Breakfast, dinner, and bed will be provided on Saturday and Sunday, and breakfast and dinner on Monday, visitors returning Monday night, and arriving in London on Tuesday morning.

All applications for tickets must be made to this office, stating the date for which they are required, and enclosing the necessary amount in postal orders.

SPECIAL arrangements have been made with Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son for another attractive tour for readers of P.W. This tour will occupy three days. Starting from London (say) on Friday night, the tourists will travel by Harwich and Antwerp to Brussels. From here an excursion will be made to the scene of the Battle of Waterloo.

All applications for tickets must be made to this office, stating the date for which they are required, and enclosing £2 in postal orders. The above figures are for third class only. Full particulars on the subject can be had from this office.

### QUESTIONS.

4181. Which was the most unnecessary war on record?
4182. What is the origin of the hour, minute, and second?
4183. Can the attendance of the members of the British Legislature be legally enforced?
4184. Which country at one coup effected the greatest alteration in its frontiers?
4185. Is there any apparent reason why flowers should vary in colour?
4186. Whose career might be most correctly described as "a short life and a merry one"?
4187. Is it true that the range of a cannon is greater in cold weather than in hot?
4188. Which period of history has produced the most unique great men?
4189. Where are the most remarkable sand-drifts to be found?
4190. Which two existing types of civilised men differ most from each other?

### CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

## Ocean

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H. J. PAULL,  
General Manager and Secretary.

An eligible bachelor wants a wife. In this week's HOME NOTES he tells how it is that he has never found one.

## WHAT THE AMERICANS DRINK.

THEY HAVE 6,000 BRANDS OF INTOXICANTS.

THERE are more kinds of intoxicating liquors sold in the United States than there are in any other country on the face of the world.

Temperance people will throw up their hands in horror at this bald, but authenticated statement, and will be inclined to argue that the Americans are, therefore, the most intemperate people on the earth. This, however, is far from being the case.

When considering the subject it must be remembered that America is an extraordinarily cosmopolitan country. People from all nations and all kindreds flock to the Land of Freedom. These people bring their drinks with them.

It is on this account that the United States can boast the most unique collection of foreign stimulants ever brought together. It is calculated that there are no fewer than 6,000 different brands of legally recognised intoxicants.

These are the official figures, and may be taken as facts.

In every American city of importance the various processes of brewing, fermenting, and distilling, practised by the nations of the world, may be seen from the beginning to the end by the sightseer or student. A curious trade has sprung up, in addition to this, through the enormous importation of foreign drinks.

Enterprising merchants buy up large quantities of foreign drinks from abroad at very cheap rates.

These they add to, sweeten, and generally improve, until, finally, the most delicately flavoured, palatable drink imaginable is turned out. In this way various spirits are transformed into four star brandy; the thickest Californian vintage into a world-famous miscelle. This is sold, as will readily be believed, at an immense profit.

It is calculated that the business done in this line between Germany and America exceeds, annually, £100,000.

All peoples of the world, then, pour their drinks into the United States. From Mexico, the next-door neighbour, come pulque and mescal. Pulque is a curious drink, a sweetish-sour beer made from a cactus, and resembling milk and water in appearance. To strangers, both the smell and taste are horrible. The Mexicans say that it must be taken twenty times before it is appreciated, and then one becomes delighted with the flavour.

Mescal is distilled from pulque, and is horrible and corrosive, but among Indians and half-breeds is very popular.

Innumerable intoxicants, in various stages of repulsiveness, come from Central and South America. Of these, a sugar-cane rum, known as casasha, is representative. Large quantities are made illicitly by negro farm hands and retailed at ridiculous prices. In Porto Rico, Jamaica and Brazil, for instance, a large glassful may be obtained anywhere for about a half-penny.

Very different, however, from such concoctions as this are the delicious drinks that are made in the Latin-American countries from the innumerable leaves, and barks, and flowers and fruits of the tropics. For a foundation they have the banana, pineapple, lime, lemon, orange, chocolate, tonka bean, mango, guava, capodilla, sassafras, cocoanut, date, tamarind, fig, and a hundred other luscious fruits. Few Englishmen can have any idea of the delicately-flavoured, deliciously-refreshing drinks that are thus produced. As an example, there is larangina, an orange-peel gin. This is a thin, yellowish-green distillate, with an aromatic bouquet and a pleasant, but strong taste of orange.

Drinks of every description are imported from Europe into America.

From Scandinavia comes a red caraway liquor, Norwegian beer, Swedish punch, and Danish corn whisky. Swedish punch is very good. It is a mild, sweet mixture of arrack, lemon and orange, and other flavours, and has been a popular drink of the Scandinavians for two centuries.

Of Danish whisky the less said the better.

From Russia comes Vodka.

Hungary, in addition, of course, to its exquisite wines sends a curious concoction known as slivovitsch, or Magyar plum brandy. This is a well-known tipple, and contains an appreciable quantity of prussic acid.

Asia Minor is a steady customer with the Customs House, although it deals almost exclusively with Children of Israel. For the Jew, no matter how poor, must have the wines and liquors of the Holy Land, and is willing to pay for them regardless of price or quality.

An immense array of curious stimulants is imported into the United States from China, Japan, and neighbouring countries. The strong drinks are numberless; arrack, sagi, sam, sui, ung-ka-peh, bak-no-ma-shalo, and others with equally extraordinary names.

When these drinks have passed the Custom House, samples are left in the appraiser's office, and in the laboratory of the government's chemist. They then pass on to the various people in the States from whose lands they are manufactured.

It may be added that the variety and quantity of these intoxicants increase year by year.

## Woman's Weapon.

"WHAT is a woman's weapon?"  
I asked a charming girl;  
She dropped her lashes shyly  
And stroked a vagrant curl;  
Then consciously she murmured—  
This rosebud newly out—  
"I have a strong suspicion  
Her weapon is a pout."

"What is a woman's weapon?"  
I asked a lover true.  
He turned him to a maiden  
With eyes of heavenly blue.  
Her velvet lips were parted,  
All innocent of guile,  
And eagerly he answered:  
"Her weapon is a smile."

"What is a woman's weapon?"  
I asked a poet then.  
With sudden inspiration  
He seized upon a pen.  
"Oh, I could name a thousand,"  
He cried in accents clear;  
"But woman's surest weapon,  
I grant you, is a tear."

## Stealing Dead Men's Boots.

DURING the war in the Crimea the men in the allied army were often heard speculating on the eve of a conflict upon the probability of obtaining certain articles of clothing, of which they stood in need, from the bodies of the Russians they expected to slay. They never seemed to take into consideration their own chances of being knocked over and stripped by the Russians.

The cool and systematic manner in which they provided themselves with foot gear is worthy of note. When a French or English soldier on the lookout for "unconsidered trifles" after a battle descried on the field a corpse of an enemy whose boots seemed likely to suit him, down he lay on his back, and putting his soles against those of the dead man ascertained by that mode of measurement whether the articles were near enough to a fit to be worth the trouble of removal.

## The Young Diplomat.

Boy: "Ma wants—"  
Mr. Ballard: "Yes, I know; she wants to borrow my lawn-mower. You tell her she can't have it."  
Boy: "She don't want your lawn-mower; she wants to know—"

Mr. Ballard: "Oh, she wants to know if I'll lend her my garden rake again, does she? Well, you tell her I say no, young man!"

Boy: "Ma don't want any of your old tools; she's got plenty of her own. She wants to know if you'll be kind enough to lend her that book of poems that you wrote and just had printed."

Mr. Ballard: "Poems? Why, certainly, with pleasure! Tell her she honours me with the request."

Boy: "She'll be glad to read 'em. She says your 'Charge at Dargui' has made a great hit, and your 'Advance, Kitchener!' is the talk of the town."

Mr. Ballard: "Indeed! Tell your ma to keep the book as long as she wants it. Can I do anything more for you, my little man?"

Boy: "Yes, come to think of it, pa says I might as well get your lawn-mower while I was over here, if you'd let me have it."

Mr. Ballard: "Why, of course, he's welcome to the use of it at any time."

Boy: "An' he wants to borrow your rake and garden hose, so's he can have the beds raked and the lawn sprinkled."

Mr. Ballard: "Very well, you'll find them in the tool-house. Tell him to come and get 'em any time without asking. He's just as welcome to use them as can be. You're a bright, manly little chap, and here's a shilling to spend on sweets."

JACK SPRATT liked a guinea hat,  
But his wife chose one for ten;  
They couldn't agree, so Mrs. Spratt she  
Went home to her mother again.

THE RETORT SURPRISING.—Teacher (showing off his pupils): "Now, Johnny, tell us how the earth is divided."

Johnny (vivaciously): "By earthquakes, sir."

FATHER: "Always keep the company of those who are better than yourself."

Son: "But suppose that kind of company has the same end in view, where am I going to come out?"

## CRICKETERS WITH MUCH FAITH.

SOME ALWAYS PLAY IN A CERTAIN CAP; OTHERS CARRY THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF BIG PLAYERS.

ONE of the most widespread superstitions among cricketers is a belief in the efficacy of some particular cap. Visitors to the Oval are all familiar with Bobby Abel's faded chocolate cap. Its precise age it would be difficult to guess; all that is known for certain is that "since then he has worn no other," but the particular date of the "then" is lost in antiquity. Bobby Abel would no more dream of changing that venerable piece of head-gear than he would think of batting with his umbrella, and there are hundreds of other cricketers like him.

No one remembers having ever seen W. G. Grace play in anything but an M.C.C. cap; for years Mr. Stoddart invariably decorated his head, no matter what the match was, in a Free Forester's cap; and the two Palarets and Mr. Ernest Smith are still faithful to the head-dress of the Harlequins.

Alone of first-class cricketers, S. M. J. Woods pins his faith to no particular cap; any luck there's going "Sammy" believes he gets by going bareheaded.

A very common belief among cricketers is that there is some hidden virtue in the bat, or even in the glove or pads belonging to a man who has made a big score. When A. E. Stoddart returned from Australia in 1895, for the first half-dozen weeks of the season he was dead out of luck or dead out of form. Play where he would or how he would, runs would not come. W. G. Grace at the same time was going great guns, and making runs at the rate of about two hundred and fifty a week.

In a moment of inspiration Stoddart applied to W. G. for something to change his luck. The champion pondered on the matter, and finally came to the conclusion that a bat would about meet the case, and then and there presented Stoddart with one of his seasoned century makers.

The effect was instantaneous. Armed with his charmed gift Stoddart immediately made one hundred and fifty against Somerset, and having once recovered his luck kept it till the end of the season.

There is always a keenness among the players in a big match to obtain possession of the ball at the finish of the game. At the end of the sensational test match in Australia, in 1895, when England won an unexpected victory by six wickets, the whole of the twenty-two players made a scramble for the ball. McKibbin finally got it, but he risked his luck and generously presented it to Stoddart; and Peel, not to be outdone, gave the bat with which he had made the winning hit to Turner—possibly with the idea of consoling him for the defeat of his countrymen.

Young cricketers, and especially young 'Varsity men, have a curious idea that there is no better safeguard against bad luck than to carry the photo of some great cricketer. Before the Oxford and Cambridge match W. G. Grace is generally applied to for a photo of his big, burly self by some youthful "Blue," who feels sure of avoiding catastrophes if he carries the Champion's likeness in his pocket. Any player who particularly distinguishes himself in the 'Varsity match may always count with certainty on receiving for twenty years afterwards a request for his photo just before the Universities meet at Lords.

Most of these superstitions are, of course, purely fanciful, but cricket produces so many undoubted coincidences, that there's a certain amount of excuse for the players being superstitious.

For some reason or other, as is well known, W. G. Grace invariably distinguishes himself in the Gentlemen v. Players' contests. No matter how he may be going before or after, in those particular matches he is always in form. The Players may be strong, and the Gentlemen weak, the match may be played at Lords, the Oval, Scarborough, or Hastings, it is all the same to W. G.

He made his first century in these matches in 1868, and he has made fifteen others since. In fact, so thoroughly is "Gentlemen v. Players" identified with a big score from Grace, that someone suggested that to make certain of beating the Australians all we had to do was to change the title of the test matches from "England v. Australia" to "Gentlemen v. Players," and Grace would do the rest.

Sussex cricket supplies some curious coincidences. Only five batsmen have succeeded in scoring a century in their first county match, and three of these five centuries have been made for or against Sussex. In his first match for Sussex "Ranji" made 150 against the M.C.C.; it was against Sussex that A. C. Maclaren made a century the first time he played for Lancashire; and the third case is that of Marlow, who, on the occasion of his first appearance for Sussex, scored 144.

It has often been noticed how certain bowlers exercise a spell, apparently, over certain batsmen and vice versa. Abel, for example, has been got out more frequently by Pougher than by any bowler in England. George Giffen has never been able to play Richardson, and the reason given by the Australians for omitting Lyons from their last team was that he always lost his wicket to Peel.

J. T. Hearne is rightly regarded as one of the finest bowlers in the country, but he can't apparently bowl to C. B. Fry, who has already scored three centuries off his bowling this season.

Britons never tire of reading stories of the Indian Mutiny. SHORT STORIES is publishing a series of absolutely true tales on this subject. The facts are fresh to everyone except those who were the chief actors, or those who have heard them from word of mouth.

## QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

### REPLIES.

#### 449. Is there any Example of a Well-known Authoress Transmitting her Talents to her Children?

In view of the fact that many clever men have had their abilities traced to inheritance from the mother rather than the father, it is singular that remarkably few women writers have had distinguished offspring. This is probably to be attributed to the fact that many of them have been either unmarried or childless; while many women of obvious talent have been hindered by family duties from wielding the pen, and have only shared in the children to whom they transmitted their powers. We have, however, the case of the Trollopes; the mother, Frances Trollope, wrote "The Widow Barnaby," and other novels and miscellaneous works, and her two sons, Thomas and Anthony, gained fame in the same way, though to a greater degree. Another instance is that of the Schopenhauers. Joanna Schopenhauer was the authoress of four-and-twenty novels; her son, Arthur, was the founder of a system of extreme pessimism in support of which he wrote many clever though gloomy works. Mrs. Browning's only son is a sculptor of merit, Sara Coleridge's was a philologist. Sheridan's mother was a dramatist and novelist of considerable note in her day.

#### 450. Where do People Get Drunk by Eating Clay?

Clay-eaters are found in the West Indies, Honduras, and some of the regions round the Orinoco. They are not necessarily of any particular tribe, for even whites have fallen victims to this degrading and fatal habit. It does not exactly produce intoxication, but rather infatuation. The habit will be contracted as early as twelve years old, and the craving, once acquired, appears to be irresistible. It has never been actually determined what properties the so-called edible clay possesses, but its effects are as undeniable as those of alcohol. Victims to the habit will lie down and lick the earth where the clay is found. They suffer from chronic dyspepsia and emaciation, and in spite of the pain and weakness, they cannot do without the clay any more than the confirmed drunkard can do without his alcohol. In some parts this clay is whitish grey, sometimes yellowish-pink. There appears to be lime in it and also the remains of minute organisms. It is sometimes eaten baked and sometimes raw. A confirmed clay-eater will take four, five, or even six pounds a day. Water is drunk with it, and it seems to give an aversion not only to other kinds of food, but also to alcoholic drinks. As soon as this stage is reached the habit invariably ends in death.

#### 452. Is there an Instance in English Literature of an Obscure Poem Containing an Immortal Line?

Not one, but many. To take a few examples almost at random, we have in Prior's "Henry and Emma," "Fine by degrees and beautifully less"; in the same author's "Lady's Looking-glass," "Be to her faults a little blind, be to her virtues very kind"; in Young's "Night Thoughts" the oft-quoted line "Man wants but little, nor wants that little long," and "Procrastination is the thief of time"; and in Lee's "Alexander the Great" the familiar "When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tag of war," which is so invariably misquoted. Dryden, in the "Conquest of Granada," has "as free as Nature first made man, when wild in woods the noble savage ran"; and in "Cymon and Iphigenia" gives us "Whistled as he went for want for thought." Congreve's "Mourning Bride" contains the well-known line, "Music has charms to soothe the savage breast." "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind" is from Garrick's "Prologue on Leaving the Stage"; and the familiar and immortal line "Westward the course of Empire takes its way" is from an insignificant and now-forgotten poem by Bishop Berkeley.

#### 451. Which Nation Owe Most of its Prosperity to Individuals Rather than to its Government?

The British nation affords the best answer, whether it be viewed at home, or in the greater Britain of its colonies and dependencies. Education, railways, the telegraph, iron and coal mining, and the majority of the other foundations of our national prosperity have been the outcome of individual effort but little assisted by government, while trade and commerce have flourished and expanded through individual enterprise alone, being rather opposed and thwarted by oppressive government impositions. Even at the height of England's naval greatness the government trained none of its seamen, but stole those trained by the merchantmen. Our rule in India and our Colonial Empire was built up almost entirely by individual effort, and has again and again had a hard struggle for existence, owing to the pigheaded obstinacy and ignorance of our rulers. Individual effort planted colonies in America, which our government lost through mismanagement, and government penal settlements impeded the efforts of individual settlers in Australia for many years. When we consider other nations, such as Germany, where nearly all colonies, industries, means of communication, and the like are under government control, the contrast with this country is very striking.

#### 453. Which is the Earliest Instance of a Child being Recognized as a King?

The earliest authenticated instance would appear to be that of Josiah, the son of Abaziah, who was saved by his aunt Jehoshaphat from the massacre ordered by the Queen-mother Athaliah, when he was one year old. He was hidden in the Temple for six years under the guardianship of Jehoiada the priest before he was made known to the people, and began to reign at seven years of age. This was about 850 B.C. The next instance is that of Josiah, who, in 641, succeeded his father Amon at the age of eight. We know, also, that many of the Ptolemies began to reign when they were quite children. Thus Ptolemy Epiphanes began to reign under Roman protection when he was only five. This was in 204 B.C., and he was succeeded by Ptolemy Philometer, who was only six. The first case in our own history was Edward the Martyr, who succeeded his father, Edgar the Peaceful, in 975, when he was twelve years old. Ethelred the Unready became king when he was ten, and William the Conqueror was proclaimed Duke of Normandy at eight.

#### 454. Has Tea-Drinking ever been Illegal in England?

It would not be quite correct to say that it was ever actually illegal, but serious attempts were made to stop its consumption by prohibitive duties and popular prejudice. It appears to have been first publicly sold in England as a decoction at Garraway's coffee-house, in Exchange Alley. A duty of eighteenpence per gallon was then put on the decoction, and this was subsequently changed for one of 5s. a pound on the leaf. Its qualities were little known, and agitations were attempted with the object of getting its consumption made illegal. The practice of tea-drinking, however, spread rapidly, especially among ladies, but popular prejudice was still very strong against it, and to ask for a cup of tea after dinner instead of wine, was to incur the suspicion of being addicted to an unhealthy and degrading habit.

#### 455. Who may be Most Justly Styled the Prototype of the Modern Professional Agitator?

Cleon, the Athenian. Soon after the death of Pericles, a new class of politicians, the Demagogues, appeared in Athens. Of this class, Cleon, the featherseller, was the most remarkable. He belonged by birth to the people, and abandoned his trade to take up the more lucrative one of politics. Between 428 and 422 B.C. he had great political influence with the Athenian democracy. He was a man of considerable ability and a powerful speaker, though coarse and rough in his language and manner. The oligarchal party and the rich he denounced in unmeasured terms. The people he flattered. To judge of his character is not easy, for our knowledge of it is derived almost entirely from two of his personal enemies, Thucydides and Aristophanes. These represent him as an unscrupulous knave, who enriched himself by taking bribes, and stopped at no calumny

in his endeavours to injure his opponents. It is very probable that, like many professional agitators of modern times, he was more honest than his opponents believed, though by no means so disinterested as himself pretended. Aristophanes was his most bitter enemy, and satirized him unmercifully in some of his comedies, especially in *The Knights*. In this play Aristophanes introduced a character intended to represent Cleon, and when he could find no actor bold enough to take the part, acted it himself.

#### 456. Where were the First Public Telegraph Lines Set up?

The first telegraph line that was worked for commercial purposes and as a public line was set up by the Great Western Railway to work the five-wire telegraph of Wheatstone and Cooke. The line first ran between West Drayton and Slough in 1833. It was prolonged to London, and the country tradesmen began to send messages and orders over it at the rate of one shilling a message. It is noteworthy that this line was the first one instrumental in preventing the escape of a criminal from justice. The Quaker, Sawell, was arrested by its means in 1845. Prior to this, Wheatstone and Cooke had communicated with each other between Fenchurch and Camden Town over a telegraph line, but this was only an experiment. In 1836 Morse, in America, had demonstrated the possibility of electric communication, but it was not until May, 1844, that the first telegraph line in America was at work. It ran between Washington and Baltimore. The first public telegraph company, the Electric International Co., Leighton and Wheatstone's patents, and began to build lines along the railways. This company, with others which it had absorbed, was bought by the State at a cost of ten millions. In 1851, Wheatstone completed his plans for a submarine telegraph, and the first undersea cable between Dover and Calais was working in 1851. Seven years later the first Atlantic cable was laid.

#### 459. What is the Best Historical Comparison between Iron and Gold?

Taking iron as synonymous with inflexibility and firmness, and gold for want of stability, we may in this connection compare Cardinal Richelieu with Louis XIII. of France. Louis XIII. was a notoriously weak monarch, and the clue to his weakness lay in his lack of power to stand alone, even as gold will not wear if unalloyed. His inclinations were frivolous, and he showed little liking for the cares of State, and played but a subordinate part in the conduct of home and foreign affairs, but it is true that he realized that the policy of Richelieu tended to the greatness of his kingdom. Hence Richelieu, with his iron will, worked on them about as he pleased. With this pliable monarch we contrast the iron-hearted, unwieldy, unbending Richelieu who ruled France. Under his hand the King was effaced, and in pursuit of his policy of establishing the absolute power of the throne he coerced all parties in France, stamped down the elements of freedom and constitutional life, broke the power of the Huguenots; and such was the fertility of his resources that, though he lived for eighteen years in the midst of conspiracies against his power, and even against his life, he thwarted them constantly to the end.

#### 460. Which is the Largest Coin in Use at Present?

The largest gold coin now in circulation is the "loaf" of Anam, a French Colony in Eastern Asia. It is a flat round gold piece, and on it is written in Indian ink its value, which is about £65. The next sized coin to this valuable but extremely awkward one is the "obang" of Japan, which weighs rather more than two ounces and a half, and is worth about £10 16s. 10d. This is followed closely by the "benin" of Ashantee, representing £10 13s. 4d. The Californian fifty-dollar piece, octagonal in shape, is worth £10 8s. 1d., and after it comes the old cobang, of Japan, worth £6 17s. 9d. The heaviest silver coin in the world now belongs to Anam, where the silver ingot is worth £4 4s. and is fully as cumbersome as the gold ingot. Next comes the Dena of Tuscany (which legally is out of circulation, but as a matter of fact, is still current), worth 6s. 8d., followed by the Chinese tael, nominally equal to 6s. 6d., the Austrian Double Vereins Thaler, worth 6s., and the Dinh-bac, of Anam, of the same value.

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### QUESTIONS.

4181. Which was the most unnecessary war on record?
4182. What is the origin of the hour, minute, and second?
4183. Can the attendance of the members of the British Legislature be legally enforced?
4184. Which country at one coup effected the greatest alteration in its frontiers?
4185. Is there any apparent reason why flowers should vary in colour?
4186. Whose career might be most correctly described as "a short life and a merry one"?
4187. Is it true that the range of a cannon is greater in cold weather than in hot?
4188. Which period of history has produced the most unique great men?
4189. Where are the most remarkable sand-drifts to be found?
4190. Which two existing types of civilised men differ most from each other?

### CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

## Ocean

(Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.)

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An eligible bachelor wants a wife. In this week's HOME NOTES he tells how it is that he has never found one.

## WHAT THE AMERICANS DRINK.

THEY HAVE 6,000 BRANDS OF INTOXICANTS.

THERE are more kinds of intoxicating liquors sold in the United States than there are in any other country on the face of the world.

Temperance people will throw up their hands in horror at this bald, but authenticated statement, and will be inclined to argue that the Americans are, therefore, the most intemperate people on the earth. This, however, is far from being the case.

When considering the subject it must be remembered that America is an extraordinarily cosmopolitan country. People from all nations and all kindreds flock to the Land of Freedom. These people bring their drinks with them.

It is on this account that the United States can boast the most unique collection of foreign stimulants ever brought together. It is calculated that there are no fewer than 6,000 different brands of legally recognised intoxicants.

These are the official figures, and may be taken as facts.

In every American city of importance the various processes of brewing, fermenting, and distilling, practised by the nations of the world, may be seen from the beginning to the end by the sightseer or student. A curious trade has sprung up, in addition to this, through the enormous importation of foreign drinks.

Enterprising merchants buy up large quantities of foreign drinks from abroad at very cheap rates.

Then they add to, sweeten, and generally improve, until, finally, the most delicately flavoured, palatable drink imaginable is turned out. In this way various spirits are transformed into four star brandy; the thickest Californian vintage into a world-famous moselle. This is sold, as will readily be believed, at an immense profit.

It is calculated that the business done in this line between Germany and America exceeds, annually, £100,000.

All peoples of the world, then, pour their drinks into the United States. From Mexico, the next-door neighbour, come pulque and mescal. Pulque is a curious drink, a sweetish-sour beer made from a cactus, and resembling milk and water in appearance. To strangers, both the smell and taste are horrible. The Mexicans say that it must be taken twenty times before it is appreciated, and then one becomes delighted with the flavour.

Mescal is distilled from pulque, and is horrible and corrosive, but among Indians and half-breeds is very popular.

Innumerable intoxicants, in various stages of repulsiveness, come from Central and South America. Of these, a sugar-cane rum, known as casasha, is representative. Large quantities are made illicitly by negro farm hands and retailed at ridiculous prices. In Porto Rico, Jamaica and Brazil, for instance, a large glassful may be obtained anywhere for about a half-penny.

Very different, however, from such concoctions as this are the delicious drinks that are made in the Latin-American countries from the innumerable leaves, and herbs, and flowers and fruits of the tropics. For a foundation they have the banana, pineapple, lime, lemon, orange, chocolate, tonka bean, mango, guava, capodilla, sassafras, coconut, date, tamarind, fig, and a hundred other luscious fruits. Few Englishmen can have any idea of the delicately-flavoured, deliciously-refreshing drinks that are thus produced. As an example, there is larangina, an orange-peel gin. This is a thin, yellowish-green distillate, with an aromatic bouquet and a pleasant, but strong taste of orange.

Drinks of every description are imported from Europe into America.

From Scandinavia comes a red caraway liquor, Norwegian beer, Swedish punch, and Danish corn whisky. Swedish punch is very good. It is a mild, sweet mixture of arrack, lemon and orange, and other flavours, and has been a popular drink of the Scandinavians for two centuries.

Of Danish whisky the less said the better.

From Russia comes Vodka.

Hungary, in addition, of course, to its exquisite wines sends a curious concoction known as slivovitch, or Magyar plum brandy. This is a well-known tipple, and contains an appreciable quantity of prussic acid.

Asia Minor is a steady customer with the Customs House, although it deals almost exclusively with Children of Israel. For the Jew, no matter how poor, must have the wines and liquors of the Holy Land, and is willing to pay for them regardless of price or quality.

An immense array of curious stimulants is imported into the United States from China, Japan, and neighbouring countries. The strong drinks are numberless: arrack, sagi, sam, sui, ung-ka-pek, bak-no-ma-shalo, and others with equally extraordinary names.

When these drinks have passed the Custom House, samples are left in the appraiser's office, and in the laboratory of the government's chemist. They then pass on to the various people in the States from whose lands they are manufactured.

It may be added that the variety and quantity of these intoxicants increase year by year.

## Woman's Weapon.

"WHAT is a woman's weapon?"

I asked a charming girl;  
She dropped her lashes shyly  
And stroked a vagrant curl;  
Then consciously she murmured—  
This rosebud newly out—  
"I have a strong suspicion  
Her weapon is a pout."

"What is a woman's weapon?"

I asked a lover true.  
He turned him to a maiden  
With eyes of heavenly blue.  
Her velvet lips were parted,  
All innocent of guile,  
And eagerly he answered:  
"Her weapon is a smile."

"What is a woman's weapon?"

I asked a poet then,  
With sudden inspiration  
He seized upon a pen.  
"Oh, I could name a thousand,"  
He cried in accents clear;  
"But woman's surest weapon,  
I grant you, is a tear."

## Stealing Dead Men's Boots.

DURING the war in the Crimea the men in the allied army were often heard speculating on the eve of a conflict upon the probability of obtaining certain articles of clothing, of which they stood in need, from the bodies of the Russians they expected to slay. They never seemed to take into consideration their own chances of being knocked over and stripped by the Russians.

The cool and systematic manner in which they provided themselves with foot gear is worthy of note. When a French or English soldier on the lookout for "unconsidered trifles" after a battle desisted on the field a corpse of an enemy whose boots seemed likely to suit him, down he lay on his back, and putting his soles against those of the dead man ascertained by that mode of measurement whether the articles were near enough to a fit to be worth the trouble of removal.

## The Young Diplomat.

Boy: "Ma wants—"

Mr. Ballard: "Yes, I know; she wants to borrow my lawn-mower. You tell her she can't have it."

Boy: "She don't want your lawn-mower; she wants to know—"

Mr. Ballard: "Oh, she wants to know if I'll lend her my garden rake again, does she? Well, you tell her I say no, young man!"

Boy: "Ma don't want any of your old tools; she's got plenty of her own. She wants to know if you'll be kind enough to lend her that book of poems that you wrote and just had printed."

Mr. Ballard: "Poems? Why, certainly, with pleasure! Tell her she honours me with the request."

Boy: "She'll be glad to read 'em. She says your 'Charge at Dargai' has made a great hit, and your 'Advance, Kitchener!' is the talk of the town."

Mr. Ballard: "Indeed! Tell your ma to keep the book as long as she wants it. Can I do anything more for you, my little man?"

Boy: "Yes, come to think of it, pa says I might as well get your lawn-mower while I was over here, if you'd let me have it."

Mr. Ballard: "Why, of course, he's welcome to the use of it at any time."

Boy: "An' he wants to borrow your rake and garden hose, so's he can have the Leds raked and the lawn sprinkled."

Mr. Ballard: "Very well, you'll find them in the tool-house. Tell him to come and get 'em any time without asking. He's just as welcome to use them as can be. You're a bright, manly little chap, and here's a shilling to spend on sweets."

JACK SPRATT liked a guinea hat,

But his wife chose one for ten;

They couldn't agree, so Mrs. Spratt she

Went home to her mother again.

THE RETORT SURPRISING.—Teacher (showing off his pupils): "Now, Johnny, tell us how the earth is divided."

Johnny (vivaciously): "By earthquakes, sir."

FATHER: "Always keep the company of those who are better than yourself."

Son: "But suppose that kind of company has the same end in view, where am I going to come out?"

## CRICKETERS WITH MUCH FAITH.

SOME ALWAYS PLAY IN A CERTAIN CAP; OTHERS CARRY THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF BIG PLAYERS.

ONE of the most widespread superstitions among cricketers is a belief in the efficacy of some particular cap. Visitors to the Oval are all familiar with Bobby Abel's faded chocolate cap. Its precise age it would be difficult to guess; all that is known for certain is that "since then he has won no other," but the particular date of the "then" is lost in antiquity. Bobby Abel would no more dream of changing that venerable piece of head-gear than he would think of batting with his umbrella, and there are hundreds of other cricketers like him.

No one remembers having ever seen W. G. Grace play in anything but an M.C.C. cap; for years Mr. Stoddart invariably decorated his head, no matter what the match was, in a Free Forester's cap; and the two Palatres and Mr. Ernest Smith are still faithful to the head-dress of the Harlequins.

Alone of first-class cricketers, S. M. J. Woods pins his faith to no particular cap; any luck there's going "Sammy" believes he gets by going bareheaded.

A very common belief among cricketers is that there is some hidden virtue in the bat, or even in the glove or pads belonging to a man who has made a big score. When A. E. Stoddart returned from Australia in 1895, for the first half-dozen weeks of the season he was dead out of luck or dead out of form. Play where he would or how he would, runs would not come. W. G. Grace at the same time was going great guns, and making runs at the rate of about two hundred and fifty a week.

In a moment of inspiration Stoddart applied to W. G. for something to change his luck. The champion pondered on the matter, and finally came to the conclusion that a bat would about meet the case, and then and there presented Stoddart with one of his seasoned century makers.

The effect was instantaneous. Armed with his charmed gift Stoddart immediately made one hundred and fifty against Somerset, and having once recovered his luck kept it till the end of the season.

There is always a keenness among the players in a big match to obtain possession of the ball at the finish of the game. At the end of the sensational test match in Australia, in 1895, when England won an unexpected victory by six wickets, the whole of the twenty-two players made a scramble for the ball. McKibbin finally got it, but he risked his luck and generously presented it to Stoddart; and Peel, not to be outdone, gave the bat with which he had made the winning hit to Turner—possibly with the idea of consoling him for the defeat of his countrymen.

Young cricketers, and especially young Varsity men, have a curious idea that there is no better safeguard against bad luck than to carry the photo of some great cricketer. Before the Oxford and Cambridge match W. G. Grace is generally applied to for a photo of his big, burly self by some youthful "Blue," who feels sure of avoiding catastrophes if he carries the Champion's likeness in his pocket. Any player who particularly distinguishes himself in the Varsity match may always count with certainty on receiving for twenty years afterwards a request for his photo just before the Universities meet at Lords.

Most of these superstitions are, of course, purely fanciful, but cricket produces so many undoubted coincidences, that there's a certain amount of excuse for the players being superstitious.

For some reason or other, as is well known, W. G. Grace invariably distinguishes himself in the Gentlemen v. Players' contests. No matter how he may be going before or after, in those particular matches he is always in form. The Players may be strong, and the Gentlemen weak, the match may be played at Lords, the Oval, Scarborough, or Hastings, it is all the same to W. G.

He made his first century in these matches in 1868, and he has made fifteen others since. In fact, so thoroughly is "Gentlemen v. Players" identified with a big score from Grace, that someone suggested that to make certain of beating the Australians all we had to do was to change the title of the test matches from "England v. Australia" to "Gentlemen v. Players," and Grace would do the rest.

Sussex cricket supplies some curious coincidences. Only five batsmen have succeeded in scoring a century in their first county match, and three of these five centuries have been made for or against Sussex. In his first match for Sussex "Ranji" made 150 against the M.C.C.; it was against Sussex that A. C. Maclaren made a century the first time he played for Lancashire; and the third case is that of Marlow, who, on the occasion of his first appearance for Sussex, scored 144.

It has often been noticed how certain bowlers exercise a spell, apparently, over certain batsmen and vice versa. Abel, for example, has been got out more frequently by Pougher than by any bowler in England. George Giffen has never been able to play Richardson, and the reason given by the Australians for omitting Lyons from their last team was that he always lost his wicket to Peel.

J. T. Hearne is rightly regarded as one of the finest bowlers in the country, but he can't apparently bowl to C. B. Fry, who has already scored three centuries off his bowling this season.

Britons never tire of reading stories of the Indian Mutiny. SHORT STORIES is publishing a series of absolutely true tales on this subject. The facts are fresh to everyone except those who were the chief actors, or those who have heard them from word of mouth.

## THE INCOME OF H.R.H. AND HOW HE SPENDS IT.

HE STAMPS ALL HIS LETTERS, AND PAYS FOR HIS BOX AT THE THEATRE.

PROBABLY more nonsense has been talked—aye, and even written—about the Prince of Wales's financial position than on any other matter affecting the private lives of the Royal Family; and yet the state of the case is comparatively simple. His Royal Highness' only personal source of income is the revenue derived from his Duchy of Cornwall.

This was carefully invested during his long minority, and furnished the money out of which Sandringham was bought. The balance which remained, some £300,000, was used to cover the many expenses incidental on his marriage, and on the furnishing of Marlborough House, which proved a very heavy item.

When the Prince of Wales married Princess Alexandra of Denmark, Parliament voted him an income of £40,000 a year, and his beautiful, but dowdier Princess, an income of £10,000 a year. This, with the addition of his Duchy of Cornwall revenue, means that our future King and Queen keep up their state on £110,000 a year, a far less sum than that of many a British millionaire and small Continental potentate.

A further special grant of £36,000 a year was made to the Prince at the time when the Duke of Clarence was about to be married, but of this apparently considerable addition to his income H.R.H. touches nothing, for the Duke of York takes three-fourths, and the remainder has become a provision for the royal recipient's daughters.

It is no secret that the members of the Parliamentary Committee, who some years ago investigated the Prince's financial affairs, admitted that he had managed wonderfully well, when the calls on his purse were taken into consideration; for, although people are very ready to criticise royal expenditure, there is nothing they dislike more than apparent meanness or the betrayal of the spirit of "carefulness" in those who find themselves obliged to act as social figure-heads.

Sandringham is, in every sense, a model estate, yet the Prince's country home may be said to pay its way. All the business connected with it is well and carefully managed, and His Royal Highness is an excellent judge of both horse flesh and cattle.

The estate has been developed in every possible way; most of the farm buildings have been rebuilt; two hundred acres have been planted; and, as the late Lord Randolph Churchill once said in Parliament, "The Prince has desired that the lot of every man, woman, and child dwelling on the estate should be, in every sense of the word, a happy lot."

His Royal Highness anticipated the Allotments Act, and there is no more popular landlord in the United Kingdom. Again, though everything is managed in a strictly business-like way, both the Prince and Princess are known to have very tender hearts, and no old or disabled person ever leaves Sandringham to go to the workhouse.

It is, as the Prince, who has a strong sense of humour once remarked, only too easy to tell how his income is spent. The private expenditure at Sandringham, which includes housekeeping, repairs to the actual building, entertainments, and so on, come to about £15,000 a year, and if their Royal Highnesses had reduced their London establishment, as it was once suggested they should do, they might have lived in great splendour in their country home, and they would have been saved much financial trouble and annoyance, for, as can be easily imagined, Marlborough House is a very heavy item of expenditure.

The Prince of Wales's salary list is enormous, and comprises the wages of a very large staff of servants, while specially connected with Marlborough House is a special Comptroller and a Treasurer, a house steward, and some thirty to forty lesser officials.

Some people labour under the delusion that royalty is never troubled with the payment of railway fares. As an actual fact, the Prince and Princess and their children spend a considerable amount of their respective incomes on journeys, and in their case there is a very heavy added item—that of tips, which, although now regulated according to precedent, dog the footsteps of the Royal Family here, there, and everywhere.

With but very few exceptions, the Prince and Princess have made it a rule never to deal with any but British firms, and all bills and accounts are settled immediately. Should a bill be sent in after having been once paid, the firm is never again patronised.

In the Marlborough stables forty to fifty horses are always to be found. The stable accounts are kept with extreme care, and the Prince of Wales rarely indulges himself with a new carriage; indeed, His Royal Highness still uses daily the quiet brougham, lined with dark blue, made to his design many years ago by a noted London coach-builder.

Their Royal Highnesses have never followed the example of their German relations in placing their servants on board wages, but the house steward is expected to look carefully after everything, and he does so. Still, the Marlborough House weekly bills are enormous, the more so that only the best of everything is served both above and below stairs.

It would horrify most people were they to know the amount spent by the Prince, or rather by his private secretary, on stationery and penny stamps, for on no occasion, save those very strictly within the letter of the law, are the magic letters O.H.M.S. (On Her Majesty's Service) ever put on a letter posted from Marlborough House. Telegrams, again, form a heavy item, and it is computed that these, together with the letters and parcels sent by post, increase the Postmaster's official revenue by over two thousand a year.

On the question of His Royal Highness' personal or petty cash expenditure it is difficult to touch.

As is well known, it is not etiquette for a royal personage to carry a purse, but this has so often led to awkward and absurd incidents that of late years the Prince generally manages to have a few loose coins about him. The most expensive portion of his Royal Highness' wardrobe is, of course, the uniforms and Royal robes; those already in existence are said to be worth £15,000.

As to the cost of the Prince's amusements, he generally makes both ends meet over his racing stables, but this is only done by the greatest and most constant care. Few people know that even royalty must pay, and pay pretty heavily, for its ordinary amusements. Every time the Prince of Wales goes to the play he pays the ordinary tariff rates for the royal box. Indeed, he and the Princess have always been most scrupulous not to accept any so-called favours of this kind. Were they to do so, they would find it impossible to prevent their presence being used as an actual, instead of as an indirect, advertisement.

As is the case with humbler mortals, wedding presents have of late years become a very heavy tax to the master of Marlborough House. The Prince constantly sends a souvenir of the kind, even to those with whom he is not intimately acquainted, and he is, of course, expected to be handsomely represented at the numerous royal weddings which are always taking place among his German relations. Again, he is kind and generous to all those about him, and always remembers Christmas and even birthdays in a very substantial manner.

### Poets, Beware!

AN extraordinary swindle has just been unearthed in France, of which the long-suffering poets have been made the victims. The unscrupulous rogue, who now lies safely under lock and key in a Parisian gaol, founded an "Academy of Poets" and advertised that he would give several handsome prizes for the best poetical effusions of not more than 40 verses in length.

Each poem was to be accompanied by an entrance fee, and all attempts, according to the advertisement, had to be in by a certain date. The result far exceeded the anticipations of the promoter, and hundreds of letters from all parts of the world reached him. To each of these tenders he forwarded word that they had proved successful with their verses, and requested the recipients to remit forty francs to cover the cost of transit of the prizes.

Would the lucky individual, he cunningly added, also send his photograph and a few biographical details so that they might be published to an expectant world?

In this way the francs again rolled in, and the rogue undoubtedly laughed up his sleeve when a "prize-winner" gravely informed him that "he had determined to throw up his present employment and devote himself in the future entirely to the worship of the Muses," whilst a lawyer's clerk wrote, saying, "I was dying in a hospital bed. Your communication has recalled me to life."

Pocketing some £300 by his bogus competition the ingenious individual shifted from Marseilles to Paris, where the police arrested him shortly afterwards on account of complaints received from disappointed "prize-winners."

When his lodgings came to be searched no fewer than four trunks full of odes, epics, and epistles of thanks from all classes of people were found, and the rogue, on arrest, laughed when he described the height to which the stupidity and vanity of the human race can attain.

BACON: "Your wife spends hours at the dressmaker's. Now, what does it all amount to?"  
Egbert: "A pretty figure."

"WIDDLES must have paid up. Have you noticed how he has been cheeking the landlady lately?"  
"No, Widdles has not paid up, but he owes more than his portmanteau is worth."

HARD REQUIREMENT.—He: "I'm about to get a good position in a municipal office; nothing to do, practically, but sit still and look wise."  
She: "Oh, I do hope you'll be able to fill the place!"

"WHAT kind of a clock is that, Jawkins? It doesn't seem to be right?"

"Sh—sh! It's called the married man's delight, my boy. The hands stop at ten o'clock every evening, but the ticking goes on as loud as ever. See!"

## The Slippery Hindoo Vagabond.

ROBBERY BY THE USE OF DRUGS

REDUCED TO A FINE ART.

JUDGING from a passage in an interesting report on the police administration of the Central Provinces, which has just been issued, it would appear that while introducing Western methods of government into Asia we have also brought into the East some of the choicest growths of Western crime.

It is recorded that at Khandwa a guileless coolie employed on the waterworks was accosted by a friendly fakir, who expressed a desire to see what government rupees were like. The unsuspecting innocent handed over a couple of specimens to the fakir, who dexterously substituted false coins for them when handing them back.

Surely this is an Oriental version of the old familiar "confidence trick," which is played in various forms in the purlieus of London every day! But in this instance the coolie was able to turn the tables on his deceiver. He did not discover the fraud till some time after, and when he found he had been duped he "lay low and said nuffin."

One day he again met the fakir, who this time asked for change for a rupee. He promptly seized the holy man and gave him into custody, and a false rupee being found in the fakir's possession, he was deprived of his liberty for the space of two years.

But the pages of the criminal records of the Central Provinces also contain examples of numerous crimes which are peculiar to the East. For instance, at Jubulpore recently a man felt highly indignant at the severe treatment he had received at the hands of his landlord.

Accordingly, he seized his own child by the legs, and dashed it on the ground, killing it instantly, in the belief, it is supposed, that its blood would be on the head of his persecutor. Such appalling attempts to secure revenge by vicarious sacrifice are, happily, unknown to the Western world nowadays.

Dacoities, of course, form a prominent feature in the report, and in at least two instances clever captures of dangerous gangs were effected by the police. Robberies after administering drugs, though by no means unknown in Europe, are practised in a far more systematic manner in India.

One particularly daring offender was brought to justice in the Central Provinces last year. He "wandered about the district poisoning people right and left," and afterwards relieving them of their belongings. His usual method was to strike up an acquaintance with a traveller, and surreptitiously to introduce drugs into the food. His most barefaced exploit was carried out right in the centre of the market-place at Hinganghat, where he drugged three men with dhatura, and got clear away with their valuables.

The Hinganghat outrage, however, was his last, for his career as a poisoner came to an end directly afterwards in a remarkable manner. In his disguise of respectable traveller, he had driven about the Wardha district in a cart drawn by a pair of bullocks.

After the robbery in the market-place, he appears to have concluded that he had accumulated enough spoils to warrant him in retiring into private life, and he disappeared, leaving his cart behind him. A constable drove the conveyance round the district seeking the owner. While on his wanderings he came to a place called Khapri, and as he was passing through it a woman rushed out of a house and declared that the bullocks belonged to her husband.

The constable discreetly retorted that they now belonged to his uncle, and quietly went to an adjacent railway station and telegraphed to his inspector, who came by the next train. By a singular coincidence the poisoner joined the same train at a wayside station, and on alighting at the point nearest his native village, he was recognised by the inspector owing to a curious bracelet he wore. He had the proceeds of the robberies in his possession, and his wife's innocent exclamation will cost him fourteen years' imprisonment.

If you have not yet bought PEARSON'S MAGAZINE for August, you will have thrown away a chance of getting the finest sixpennyworth on earth.

### Pearson's Magazine

is the best illustrated and the liveliest magazine in the world. Everything that people will skip is cut out before it is published, as the Irish sub-editor has it. In the August number will be found interesting articles about "The Games Played by the Children of Japan," "The Fastest Vessel Afloat," "A Study of Splashes," "Boxing with the Feet," "A Pilgrimage to Lourdes," "The Wooden Idols of New York," "The Armies of the World," and stories by Max Pemberton, Catcliffe Hynes (Good Old Kettle!), Fred. M. White, Halliwell Sutcliffe, Major Watts, and E. W. Jennings. Besides a coloured eight-page supplement explained in the footnote below.

IF YOU HAVE anything you want to sell, or if there is anything you want cheap, try a sixpenny advertisement in "Our Bargain Counter" in the ATLAS RECORD.

"The Rose of Eden" is the title of a charming poem by Mr. George Griffith, illustrated by eight magnificent oil paintings reproduced in colour, which is given away with every copy of the August number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

# LESSONS FOR LOVERS.

## MARRIAGE NOT A FAILURE, IF YOU FOLLOW THESE HINTS.

It seems to be taken for granted by almost everybody that marriage is a lottery; in other words, that in making the choice of a partner for life, we can do so with no more certain indication of the result than there is in the purchase of a lottery ticket. The outcome may be good, bad, or indifferent; it depends largely upon the chain of circumstances, and to but a small degree upon ourselves.



The head of a selfish and brutish man.

This notion is erroneous; the actual state of things is just the reverse. We have indications that will make happiness in the conjugal state more of a certainty than a lottery, if we care to take advantage of them. The object of this article is to point out those indications, and put young people on the right tack to a proper choice.

Domestic felicity depends upon two sets of circumstances: those from without and those from within. The former may be classed under the head of success in life; the latter are all included in suitability of temperament. The latter (and more important) set of circumstances is certainly within our control; the former, partly. 'Tis not in mortals to command success'; but they can do a good deal towards obtaining it, if properly constituted.

"I have no hesitation in saying that confident appeal may be made to the sciences of physiognomy, palmistry, and phrenology in combination for the purpose of determining the question whether a given man and woman are fitted to marry, that is, are so constituted by nature as to have a reasonable chance of happiness in marriage."

"The importance of each science, by itself, is often exaggerated, but in combination they are irresistible."

These weighty words, uttered by an expert who has given many years to such studies, set P.W. seeking for information. "I will look at the question from the girl's point of view," said the expert, "because it really is her affair. In spite of all you may say to the contrary. If a girl wants a man, she can usually bring him to her side; if he comes there without being wanted, she can quickly send him off; and although she doesn't actually propose, she brings about the proposal, doesn't she?" P.W. assented.

"Let a girl take good stock of the man she thinks of becoming engaged to; let her look him over feature by feature and note the general shape of his head, certain plain characteristics of his hands, and a number of things about his eyes, nose, mouth, and chin. They will all tell her something useful, and it isn't hard to do."

"Begin with the head. The other day I saw a wedding that I would have stopped, had I had my way. Both man and woman were wide-headed persons, with excessive fullness about and above the ears. Those two can no more be happy together than two strange tigers thrown suddenly into one cage. Those characteristics show destructiveness, combativeness, acquisitiveness; in short, too much animal force, too much power of overcoming, for harmony. They will always be quarrelling, because each has been given a strong and selfish desire to assert themselves constantly and dominate others. If you could obtain statistics of those husbands and wives who are parted, you would probably find that wide-headed people form a large proportion."

"Now, suppose the two wide-headed people had had excessive development at the extreme upper back of the head—where the parting of a man's hair finishes, you know—the result would be just as bad. That means self-esteem; and you can guess what kind of married life would fall to the lot of two people so puffed up with their own importance and the desire to be master! Some self-esteem is necessary, of course; it is one of Nature's compensations for physical or mental defects. You may think some deformed persons are vain; but if it were not for that quality of self-esteem they would soon go under in the struggle."

"If the man be wide-headed, and have excessive self-esteem, he would make a good husband for a weak woman, weak in will and body, provided that he had

some balancing quality—courtesy, for instance—but otherwise girls should shun that kind of man.

"A narrow-headed woman should not marry a narrow-headed man. Such a union suggests the picture of a pair of broken reeds trying to support each other."

"Narrow-headed people lack animal force and staying power; difficulties look large to them; they haven't enough grit; they would both 'give way,' and the end would be misery."

"A broad-headed woman might marry a narrow-headed man, and vice versa, with good results. In that case, the broad head would manage the other, whether man or woman. In the rare instances, where you see a narrow-headed wife managing a broad-headed husband, it is by reason of her exceeding loveliness, winning ways, and unflinching tact."

"It is commonly said that dissimilar persons make a good match, and many marriages are contracted on this assumption. But that does not hold good of the moral and religious that are indicated at the top of the head; in that respect, similarity is essential."

"If the top of the head be high, with a high forehead, then there will be a finer nature, with more chance of the mind controlling the brute instincts. Such men possess thought and reason, too, and are men to be



Narrow Head.

Broad Head.



Moral Faculties.

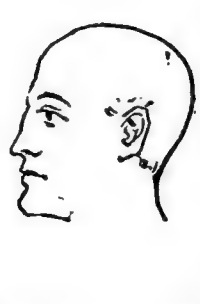


Moral Faculties.

Force.



Large self-esteem and pride.



Small self-esteem and pride.

reckoned with in any vocation of life; it is the highest type, to which belong most of our famous statesmen and judges. A girl would have cause to be proud of such a husband.

"But let that young lady beware of the broad head with low forehead and cramped upper portion, especially if the eyes and mouth have a bad appearance. She will probably find him selfish and brutish."

"The quality of self-control is more important, perhaps, than any other for obtaining success and happiness. The man who lacks that quality is easily scared by difficulties and upset by worries; he soon 'goes under,' whereas he who possesses it goes on serenely and overcomes all."

"How is a girl to know that a man possesses this important quality?" asked P.W.

"By his thumb; that's easy enough, isn't it? And in this respect the indication given by the thumb is very, very rarely misleading."

"In the first place, the thumb should be long and well-shaped. If there is a nearly equal length between first (or nail) joint and the second, there is a good balance between the will power and the intellect. If the first joint is considerably shorter than the second, that is an indication that the owner is apt to be undecided and easily influenced. If the first joint is not only of good length, but is also wide and square at

the end, with a nail broader than it is long, look out for a brusque, quarrelsome nature—an obstinate man, lacking in tact and making enemies easily."

"The thumb that I should choose is one that is large in proportion to the hand, tapering towards the tip which is delicately rounded. That shows will-power with a compromising spirit—an affable person, who will listen courteously to others, though not led by mere words, but forming his own opinion."

"Men with small thumbs should be approached cautiously; as a rule, such thumbs indicate selfishness or cruelty."

"While judging the thumb, it is well to note the features also. For self-control you look at the chin, the mouth, and nose. The chin would be square, bony, well-proportioned; the lips tightly set and drawn inwards at the corners; the bridge of the nose somewhat elevated."

"In the same way, the eyes help us in forming an opinion of the moral qualities. Have you noticed the difference in the way people act when talking to you? Some will look boldly into your eyes, while others scarcely ever look at you—their eyes are wandering everywhere but to your face. Well, extreme nervousness or defective vision will account for this 'shiftness' in certain cases, but generally it denotes that the possessor of these organs of vision is not so 'straight' as he ought to be."

"Now, I have mentioned the 'circumstances from without,' or success in life. I am not one of those who say there is no such thing as luck; there are many exceptions to the old proverb about 'the will and the way'; but undoubtedly a man can do much to earn success. He can deserve it, if he cannot command it; a girl can tell whether her lover possesses the qualities which will make him do his best to deserve it. Not many people despise such worldly considerations nowadays. I know all about 'love in a cottage on a crust,' but I don't forget that 'when the wolf comes in at the door love flies out of the window.' Money—that is, success—does not of itself make happiness, but it is a very useful material in the manufacture of it, and no girl is likely to be blind to the fact."

"Suppose that a girl places more reliance for happiness on these circumstances from without than upon the other set; suppose she wants a husband who will make money for her, amass a fortune. Well, let her see to it that he has not only a long thumb, but also that he has a long fourth or little finger, one that passes a trifle beyond the point of junction of the first and second joints of the third finger. Every shade of distance beyond that point means an increase in practical sagacity. And in his hand the bases of the four fingers should not form a curve as they do in most hands, but should be in a straight line, side by side. A man with a hand like that may be wanting in other ways, but he is certain to dominate in business matters and amass money."

"There is not much in this for either a man or a woman to learn, for, although I have spoken from the lady's point of view, the thing cuts both ways. A little study will enable them to judge all the points. A man may appear to have an excess of one quality that would mean unhappiness, but another point will perhaps show that he has some other quality to balance it or diminish its influence. Anyone who takes a little trouble—not so much trouble as is often taken about the furnishing of a house, for instance—can soon see whether he or she is making a good choice. That done, there would not be so much talk about the lottery of marriage."



The long thumb.



The short thumb.



The money-making hand.

### Result of Artists' Competition.

THE prize of £5 offered in connection with this competition has been awarded to:

Mr. P. MAYCOCK, Booth Avenue, Egerton Road, Fallowfield, Manchester.

Two additional prizes have been awarded as under:

A second prize of £2 to:

Mr. J. S. SMITH, 52 Hawthorne Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

A third prize of £1 to:

Mr. FRISBY MILSTED, 45 Rosenau Road, Battersea Park, S.W.

LORDS WITH TASTES LIKE  
THEIR ANCESTORS.

ALL THE CECILS HAVE BEEN FOND OF ROAMING,  
AND THE DUDLEYS OF PRECIOUS STONES.

THE persistency with which certain peculiarities in the characters of ancestors has been transmitted to some holders of titles at the present day is extraordinary.

The Dudleys have always been passionately fond of precious stones. The father of the present earl expended on stones no less than £600,000 and there are besides the family heirlooms, valued at £1,000,000 more.

The first of the family to conceive this liking for precious stones was John Ward, a humble goldsmith, who, in the reign of James I., purchased of a sailor stones worth ten times what he gave for them.

On the marriage of his son, Humble Ward, to the daughter of the impoverished Lord Dudley, he presented the bride with diamonds of the value of £39,000.

The present Earl of Dudley inherits the family love for precious stones, for the Countess frequently wears the famous headdress, it is said, to please the Earl.

As a young man the present Marquis of Salisbury was remarkable for love of adventure and a hardihood so great that, as he has himself said: "When I found the pastoral simplicity and quietude of Hatfield as unendurable as London, I went to Australia, where the rough life exactly suited me."

His ancestor, Richard Cecil, the son of a publican at Stamford, but of whose antecedents the peerages are absolutely dumb, was just such another adventurous youth. When he found the parental roof too dull to be endured, he came to London, where the qualities described in the Prime Minister won for him the regard of that much married monarch, Henry VIII.

His son William Cecil, the celebrated Lord Burleigh, an exact replica of his father, developed, after reaching middle life, that curious shyness and aversion to companionship which is becoming so noticeable in the present Marquis of Salisbury. When sixty years of age Lord Burleigh took to roaming alone about the neighbourhood of Cecil House, shunning all companionship.

Since his physician advised walking as the best means of keeping down his growing stoutness, the present Marquis has taken to walking about the streets leading out of Charing Cross Road and the Strand, always alone and quickly, to avoid a chance recognition.

The farmers who attended the markets at Notting-ham in the seventeenth century were so illiterate that after business they used to crowd to a shop near the market, kept by Mr. John Smith, a draper, to have their accounts put in order. This John Smith seems to have had the precise qualities which have made Lord Carrington, his descendant, so popular.

Lord Carrington has an income of £42,254, derived from 25,809 acres of land. Yet not only was he something more than an ornamental Lord Chamberlain, but as chairman of the Fire Brigade Committee, L.C.C., he gets through an enormous quantity of work.

Least readers should regard these traits as accidental, I will submit a curious feature in the character of the Earls of Harrowby. The ancestor of this estimable family—although Burke seems ignorant of the fact—was a Mr. Rider—now spelt Ryder—who kept a small hosier's shop in Smithfield. His eldest son wished to enter the Church, but somehow drifted into the law, becoming a Lord Chief Justice in 1733.

Now not only was the father of the hosier a clergyman, but the family since the Chief Justice's time have mostly been in the Church.

Another characteristic. The family have always been remarkable for their suavity and urbanity of manners. The present earl is a most charming man. So was the first earl. The Earls of Eldon have always been fond of public life.

When Mr. John Scott, the son of a small coal dealer in Newcastle, ran away in 1760 with the only daughter of a rich banker—Debrett and Burke make no mention of this—he declared that if he could only find a way of entering public life he could make a fortune. His prediction was realised—first a lawyer, then M.P., followed by a Chief Justiceship, and finally the Woolsack besides a fortune of over £500,000.

The Eldons since then have followed in the footsteps of their ancestor. The amount paid to them for their services to the end of 1895 actually exceeds £3,000,000.

One more case. Burke declares that the Dukes of Northumberland are descended from Sir Hugh Smithson, a Catholic gentleman of ancient lineage, who married the heiress of the vast Northumberland property. It is a pity to lay the axe at the root of this pleasing legend, but the said heiress, Lady Elizabeth, one evening whilst on her way to Drury Lane Theatre, being taken ill, was carried in a fainting condition by her servants into the shop of Hugh Smithson, a small apothecary in Drury Lane.

When the lady recovered consciousness she found herself being attended by a very handsome young man. The next day she called alone, and, finding the young chemist was in debt, gave him sufficient to pay all his creditors. In 1740 she became his wife.

Then the dormant traits of young Smithson asserted themselves. Throughout the rest of his life he was never so happy as when devising and carrying out improvements on his property. Since then one Duke has planted 1,000,000 trees at Isleworth, and others have spent enormous sums at Alnwick.

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## A MAP TO CATCH P.O. THIEVES.

COLONEL SHARPE, head of the detective service of the United States Post Office Department, who resigned a short time since, recently explained to P.W. an ingenious system he had employed of catching dishonest railway postal clerks.

"To catch these thieves," he said, "I had constructed a large railway map of the United States, which hangs in my office. Now, supposing a man posts a letter in Boston for Kansas City containing cash to the value of \$10. The letter never reaches its destination, and we get a complaining letter stating the circumstance.

"Now, if the supposed case were an isolated one, we probably could do nothing. The letter, in going from Boston to Kansas City, would pass through thirty or forty hands, and it would be useless to try to fix the blame. But the Boston man's case is not isolated. Every day we get from one to fifty similar complaints from all over the country, and this fact, as you will see, enables us to locate the mischief.

"First we ascertain exactly when and where the missing letter was posted and its address. Then we are ready for the map I spoke of. I take the Boston man's letter and a packet of similar complaints, and then I begin to stick pins into my map. I know just the route which a letter would take to go from Boston to Kansas City, and I stick pins along to sketch out this course.

"Then I take the next complaint. Perhaps this is from a man who lost money transmitting it from Mobile to Chicago. Very well. I trace out the line such a letter would take. The third, perhaps, was sent from New York to San Francisco, the fourth from New Orleans to Buffalo, the fifth from Saginaw City to Philadelphia, and so on. Before very long the map begins to look quite interesting. These pins are strewn all over the country, but we notice one point—say, for instance, between Chicago and Cleveland—where all the lines unite. That's where the thief is.

"Knowing now where the stealing is going on, we advise our most trusted man in that division—we have to trust somebody, you know—that there is trouble in his section, and tell him to keep a sharp look-out. We inquire into the habits and associations of the clerks, and we are, perhaps, able to spot the man at once. At other times it is more difficult. But ultimate detection is certain."

"But don't the clerks know of this system?"

"Perfectly well," replied Colonel Sharpe.

"Then why do they steal?" asked P.W.

"Ah, there you ask me too hard a question," said the detective. "I'm sure I can't tell. I only know they do, and the history of almost all cases is the same. A postal clerk will be tempted, and will steal a letter that he feels has money in it. For the next few days he is scared to death. He thinks everybody reads his guilt in his face, and he is certain he will be caught and put in prison. He resolves never to steal another letter, and possibly he does not.

"But, generally, in about a month or two months, his fear and remorse have worn off. He has not been caught and is evidently not suspected. A good chance comes and he steals another letter. This time he does not wait a month before he tries it again. And before long he is stealing all the letters he gets hold of which contain money. About that time I am sticking pins into my map. It is certain death.

"Sometimes we get more than one, as fishers will now and then land two or three fish at once when the biting is very lively. We caught three in two weeks once in different parts of the country, when we supposed we were after only one."

"JIMMY, how large a piece of cake do you want?"

"I want a big piece, but don't gimme so much that I'll have to divide with sister."

WALL PAPER DEALER: "Something to paper the walls of a bedroom? Yes, sir. What shade would you prefer?"

Customer: "I think I'd like something that won't show a spot when you mash a spider on it!"

## THE BOLD BAD BUCCANEERS

AND HOW THEY STARTED BUSINESS.

THE word "buccaneer" is a striking example of a word losing its original meaning and assuming another of an entirely different nature. The first buccaneers were not pirates; they were simple meat curers, acquiring gold in an honest manner.

In the old days of the Spanish Main, ships' captains who sailed to the Americas had no means of victualling their vessels for the return voyage. There was neither flour nor grain; there was no meat, and even had there been, there was no salt to cure it. A captain had either to ship enough provisions for the voyage to the West Indies and back, or to run the risk of suffering great privation from want of food.

In certain parts of the West Indies there were great herds of cattle, the descendants of those brought over by the Spaniards during the previous century, which were then roaming wild over the pampas and through the tropical forests, especially on the islands of Tortuga (or Tortoise, so called from its shape) and Hispaniola, afterwards called Santo Domingo.

It occurred to a Scotsman, named Buchanan, that there was a lot of money to be made by killing the cattle and curing the flesh, and selling it to the ships; thus sparing them the trouble of providing for the double journey and the risk of running short.

He invented a process of curing the flesh by drying it in the sun and started the business in the West Indies. He built up a good trade and made so much money that he soon had imitators; the number of "buccaneers"—so-called from the name of Buchanan according to some, while others derive it from *boucan*, the Indian word for dried meat—increased on these islands to such an extent that the Spaniards began to regard them as dangerous people, partly on their own account and partly from the fact that they made the voyage less dangerous, and so induced the sailors of other countries to come in search of the vast treasures of gold and silver which Spain had claimed as hers ever since the discovery of the New World by Columbus.

These meat curers were almost all British, French, and Dutch. Spain did her best to keep the other nations away from the immense treasures and sent warships to assist in carrying out her plan of bringing the gold and silver home and preventing others from so doing. There was continual fighting on the Spanish Main, and at last the Spaniards turned their attention to the buccaneers and tried to drive them out of Tortuga, as one way of putting an end to the "foreign competition" from which she was suffering.

The buccaneers formed themselves into a little army and fought the Spaniards, and thus began a petty war that lasted for twenty years and resulted in the Spaniards being driven out of the island, and the meat curers handing it over to the French.

After that they buccaneered their meat in peace and quietness until there were so many men hunting and killing the cattle and curing the flesh that the business was no longer profitable to anybody. This led some of them to look about for other means of becoming rich; and as they were nearly all hardy seamen, and had heard of the captures of Spanish galleons full of treasure, they were naturally tempted to do likewise.

They fitted out small ships, and started pirating. Their success induced others to follow their example, and this continued till "buccaneer" became practically synonymous with "pirate."

MISS BLOW: "I always have my dresses sent C. O. D."

Miss Show: "Cash on delivery?"

Miss Blow: "No; call on dad."

A YOUNG man from a country village, when sight-seeing in Edinburgh, was greatly astonished on seeing "Mr. Smith, tailor (ground flat)," inscribed on a door, and, after a careful study of the plate, exclaimed:

"Great Scott! Sic a death! Shairly he's been run ower wi' a steam roller!"

# NEW SERIAL STORY. . . . LOST—A MILLIONAIRE.

A queer story of the adventures of a millionaire who finds himself temporarily penniless in London.

BY

... AUSTIN FRYERS ...

## SUMMARY.

MR. POWNCEBY-SMITH, of New York, a millionaire, on his voyage to England meets a Socialist, who warns him of the dangers he might encounter if penniless and friendless in a great city. The millionaire scoffs at the warning, but is soon obliged to put it to the test, for he loses a bundle which contains his loose money, and his luggage has been sent on in advance to the Hotel Cosmopolis, London. Long before he reaches Euston he feels the pangs of hunger, which he is unable to appease, and then he is forced to walk to the hotel. There he finds that there are no spare rooms, and that his luggage has been sent back to Euston. When he endeavours to explain his position to the manager so as to lunch at the hotel on credit he is treated as an impostor, and shown out unceremoniously. Then he calls on the manager of the bank to which a draft had been sent to his credit, but finds that he is not furnished with sufficient proofs of his identity, and must await inquiry. But the manager of the bank gives him half-a-crown, with which he is able to get a much-needed meal, after which he calls at the house of the American Minister, only to find that he is not known, and when in despair he begins to tell his story to the footman who opens the door, that worthy tells him it is a "chestnut" which is pitched to him twenty times a day. On the advice of a news-vendor he resolves to pawn his clothes in exchange for a sovereign and a shabby suit. Dressed in the latter he endeavours to secure a bed at a private hotel, but is disdainfully refused, and a pert "shavey" advises him to seek shelter in a "coffee shop," as being more suited to him. He takes his sovereign out of his pocket, and laying it on the palm of his hand, he indulges in philosophic musings as to the effect one's clothes has on one's fellow-men. An urchin, tempted by the sight of the coin, snatches it and disappears. The millionaire, without the prospect of a bed or a meal, accepts some food at a coffee stall from "Cock-Ey'd Sal," a disreputable notoriety, and then, on the advice of a workman, seeks the shelter of the Casual Ward, sooner than remain homeless for the night.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE MILLIONAIRE BREAKS STONES.

THE workhouse was not of an aspect likely to tempt to vagrancy, so far as the outside was concerned. Indeed, strong as his resolution now was, the millionaire shuddered slightly as he looked up at the gloomy walls, and the cheerless, uncurtained windows.

Mr. Pownceby-Smith thought it best to take his new experience like unpalatable medicine, at a gulp; and so he made over to the policeman, who was standing at the further corner.

The millionaire was getting proof to shocks, but he experienced one now which was so totally unexpected that he almost began to wonder if he were awake. He had at last run across a sympathetic and kind-hearted policeman.

"Can you tell me," the millionaire had asked, "how I am to secure admission to the casual ward?"

"Stony?" asked the policeman.

"I am penniless."

"Ard luck! Well, never mind; think there's better times in store, an' it'll help you to pull through. It's rather late to get into the casual; ten to one they'll say they're full up, but I'll go and see what I can do for you."

"Thank you," said the millionaire, following the policeman as he strode across, and wondering that he should have shown so much interest in his fate.

The policeman knocked at a dirty door, which, after a while, was opened by a grumbling porter.

"Shelp me," said he, "is there another of 'em?"

"This ain't a reg'lar," said the policeman.

"They're all reg'lar," grumbled the porter, with a melancholy attempt at cheerless wit, "reg'lar noosances."

"Oh, well, they 'elps to keep you, at any rate."

"They keeps me awake. But I don't think we got any room. I'm certain we're full up."

"I'm certain you are not. I've seen all that have gone in—"

"You've seen all that's gone in since you cam' on dooty at ten, but 'ow can you tell, Mr. Clever, 'ow many was on the rope before that?"

"Because I 'appen to know, d'you see?"

"Well, come on!" said the porter to the anxious millionaire, with a suddenness that startled him. "What are you 'anging houtside for, when the door's hopen?"

"Well, good night, old chap," said the policeman. "Wish you better luck."

"Good night," said the millionaire. "I am very—"

"Oh, come along, an' don't stand palaverin' there, or I'll shut the bloomin' door on you," and the porter suggested an action suitable to the threat. The millionaire, afraid of it: being carried into effect, hurried through, and the door was banged behind him.

The porter entered a dingy little office on the right, and opened a book.

"Your nymie!" he growled, seizing the stump of a pen.

The millionaire reflected for a moment as to what name he should give. In a few hours he should have emerged from his present predicament, and his pride revolted from the thought of a workhouse record remaining in existence against him. And then, on the other hand, it might be a necessary precaution for him to have a clear trace of his doings in case the establishment of his identity proved a source of further trouble.

"Your nymie!" shouted the porter, rising in a ludicrous tempest of fury, and banging the book with a crash on the table.

"Now look here," said the millionaire indignantly, "I'm not going to put up with your uncalled-for insolence. I know nothing about your forms, but whatever is required of me I shall do if you instruct me civilly and respectfully."

"Shelp me! Shelp me ten men and a boy!" gasped the porter, falling back in his seat. "Who on hearth 'ave we got 'ere? The Prince o' Wales or the Hawrchbishop of Caisterberry?"

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"You've got a man, and that's sufficient for you," said Mr. Pownceby-Smith. "Just see that you treat him as a man and not as a dog. What do you want to know?"

"Your nymie!"

"Reuben Pownceby-Smith."

"R-u-b-e-n, Reuben," drawled the porter, writing laboriously. "S-m-i-t-h, Smith. Never mind the 'Py.' Two nymies is good enough for a pauper."

The porter had decided for him. He was incognito. A pauper—but incognito. There was also the saving clause that it was not his own doing.

"Where did you come from?"

"Liverpool."

"Where did you larst sleep?"

"Star Hotel, Liverpool."

"Well, cut awf and take yer clothes hawff."

"Where am I to go?" asked the millionaire.

"Stryte dahn."

The millionaire went down the stone corridor and entered a large room, round the walls of which were shelves partitioned into compartments.

"That's yours," said a porter who met him at the door. "Shove 'em in quick, an' mind yer not long abahit it."

The porter turned on his heel and went out. Then Mr. Pownceby-Smith saw that a very dirty, very ragged, and very demoralised specimen of the human race was undressing—or, rather, letting his loose rags fall off—near him.

"Yer a noo 'and at this gyme, pel, ain't you?" asked the specimen.

"Yes, I am," replied the millionaire, shivering at the prospect of his clothes being mixed with the other's rags.

"Can you tell me what we have to do with our clothes?"

"You shoves 'em up in the pigeon-hole, an' wile yer 'avin' yer beauty-sleep they looks arter 'em for you."

"Do we retain our—our shirts?"

"Nah!"

"We—we undress altogether?"

"Stawrk!"

"I'll try and retain my shirt."

"You can't; it's agin' the rules. Besides, wot's the good? There ain't one in ten of the gents as comes in 'ere 'ave a shirt. W'y mine is only a neck and a frill, and wentilated hawms."

"I'll ask them, then, as a favour," said the millionaire.

"There hain't no fyvours 'ere. You tyke my tip, an' jes' do as the rest, or you'll be charged with bein' a refractory pauper—"

"What would that mean?"

"It'd mean tein' 'auled afore the beak, an' gettin' fourteen 'awrd."

"Do you mean imprisonment?" gasped the millionaire.

"That's jes' abahit the size of it, pel."

"Nah then, are you ready?" called out the porter; and the specimen, letting go the last hold on his tapestry, stood in *pura naturakibus*. The millionaire saw that there was nothing for it but to follow his example, and, with much repugnance, he did so.

"What's next?" he whispered to his companion.

"The bawth!" was the reply. The specimen led the way, and the millionaire followed, inwardly fearful of dire results through treading the cold, stone flags with his bare feet. The porter showed them both into the same bath-room.

"Nah," said he, "git it over quick. We don't want to be 'angin' abahit 'ere all night."

With that he closed the door on them.

"What—what does it mean?" asked the millionaire faintly.

"It means that we've got to pig it. Lor' bless you, two's nothin'! W'y, I've hawften been four in a bawth. They's supposed to 'ave a bawth for each one; but supposin' goes a long w'y. Look 'ere, you jump in first."

It was the only way out of the difficulty for the disgusted millionaire; into the bath after his companion he would not have gone if he were sent to gaol twenty times for it.

"You don't want no supper, I suppose?" said the specimen.

"No; I had some," replied the millionaire, and his mind reverted with wondering pity to Sal. Where was she, poor wretch, now, and what state was she in?

"So 'ad I," broke in the specimen. "I hain't sech a fool as to come in for their muck."

"What do they give?"

"Eight hahnces o' sawdust bread, an' hany amahnt o' water."

"Ere y'are. 'Urry up!"

It was the porter, who this time handed in two flannel shirts.

"An' nah," said the specimen, as they arrayed themselves "for ah beauty-sleep."

"You know the w'y, Corkes," growled the porter.

"Oh, yes," said the specimen. "I knows all the corridors in this yer 'otel; you needn't trouble 'boots' to show me."

"Nah, not so much o' yer sarce, an' min' yer don't stawrt jawrin'."

The dormitory of the casual ward was a long apartment. When the millionaire entered with his companion he noticed a large number of slung hammocks, which all seemed occupied.

"Well, that's a blessin', any'ow," said the specimen. "The ropes is hall okypied, so we can 'ave a plank. It's more comfort'ble by far."

The millionaire found a bare plank, with a raised board for a pillow, with a gift of two blankets to dispose of as he would, anything but an inviting prospect. Resolution was at all times, however, a strong trait in Mr. Pownceby-Smith's character, and as he had determined to make the best of the worst, he resolutely imitated his companion in wrapping the blankets round him, so that they should do a double duty as a covering and a mattress.

"Just one thing more," whispered the millionaire. "What do they do with our clothes?"

"Bake 'em," was the reply.

"Thank you. Good-night."

"Good-night."

The millionaire was awakened at half-past five. Starting up, he found his clothes lying in a neat bundle on the foot of his plank.

There was an immediate babble, which rendered any further sleep impossible, so he sat up and looked about him.

"Mornin', maity; 'ow did you sleep?" said the specimen. "Exceedingly well," replied the millionaire; "much better than I thought was possible."

"Nah you'll 'ave to 'urry up an' git dahn to breakfast. They don't salud no gong in this yer 'otel."

The millionaire dressed hurriedly, and followed the specimen.

"I s'pose you won't care for the breakfast?"

"Oh, I'm—I'm really not particular."

"No more are they. I expect, though, it's the first time you'll have 'ad a meal of sawdust and water."

"Is that the breakfast?" asked Mr. Pownceby-Smith faintly.

"That's it."

"I'd—I'd really rather go out now," said he, "I don't feel like eating anything."

"Go aht nah," said the specimen, "w'y, you must be a green 'un. Don't you know you cawn't go aht to-d'y?"

"Not go out to-day!" said Mr. Pownceby-Smith. "What do you mean?"

"W'y, simply thet, in course. You cawn't get board and lodgin' and washin' and attendance for nothin', can you? You've got to p'y for it, an' you've got to do a d'y's work."

"Do you mean that they will require me to remain in here all day, to-day?"

"As sure as higgs hain't happles. But they'll give you two hounses of bacon, more sawdust an' more water for dinner, an' more sawdust an' water for supper, an' a bed to-night—"

"But I can't, I can't; I must go out," said the millionaire, with a feeling of desperation.

"Well, it hain't no use carryin' hon. If you do they'll only put you in chokey as a refractory. You must break three 'undered o' stones, and that'll tyke you all d'y, unless you're mighty clever at the gyme."

"But if I go out to-day, I can regain my position, I can find my friends, and get all the money I require. If I remain in, I don't know what will happen. Is there no way of arranging it?"

"On'y by a trick!"

"What trick?" asked the millionaire with a sigh.

"You'd better 'ave yer breakfas' quiet an' s'y an' do nothin'! Then go to yer cell an' pretend to try an' break the stones, an' wen the doctor comes at ten you must try an' git rabad 'im. E's yer on'y chawnce. The master's a 'ot un, an' would lock you up without 'earin' a word!"

The millionaire felt he could not do better than follow the specimen's advice, so he nearly choked himself in the endeavour to swallow a few mouthfuls of the very dry brown bread. Then, after "breakfast" he was conducted to his cell to break stones in payment of the kindness that had been shown him.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE MILLIONAIRE LEAVES THE WORKHOUSE.

THE cell to which the millionaire was conducted was narrow, and furnished with but one window, which was placed at such an elevation as would not tempt the occupant to waste his time on an untempting view. It was, in fact, in every respect rather gloomier than the pictures of prison cells which the millionaire, whenever he had thought of such civilising factors, had conjured up in his mind.

There was a large heap of stones at the further end of the cell, and the porter who conducted him to his task was succinct in his instructions.

"You must wear this shield on your face to protect yourself from the chips," said he, "and you must break them small enough to pass through this sieve. Have you any complaint to make, or do you want anything?"

"I am too ill to do the task," said the millionaire. "I was unable to eat any breakfast, and under any exertion of this sort I shall faint. I am not used to work, as you can tell by my hands, and have lost my appetite, which renders me very weak."

"Do you want to see the master?"

"I don't want to trouble the master, but I wish to see the doctor."

"Do you wish to have him specially summoned? Remember that you will be severely punished for malingering."

"I am not malingering," replied the millionaire, "but I do not wish the doctor specially summoned. I will try to do what work I can, but I wish you to send the doctor to me as soon as convenient, as I fear I am far from well."

"I will report what you say when he comes at ten o'clock."

With this, he closed the door of the cell, and the millionaire was alone with his hammer, his shield, and the heap of stones.

He attempted to break the stones, and the task interested him by its very ludicrousness. He could never remember having used a hammer in the ordinary way before to accomplish any special object, and he was amused to find how uncertain his aim was. He could not strike, try as he might, in the exact spot he aimed at, and it amused him to see the hammer blundering off at the side, or the stone turning up under the ill-directed blow. And then, when he had experimented in this way for a considerable time, it suddenly dawned on him that with it all there was not the slightest appearance of the stone breaking.

Supposing he had no intention of endeavouring to effect his escape, and, like an honest loafer, had attempted the allotted toil, he would have made but little headway. Surely, if he saw the necessity he would be able to surmount this difficulty, as he had all others; and to test a prowess he might have exerted, he directed a series of blows with all his might against the recalcitrant rock, under which it at length divided. The millionaire was pleased

Like every strong-minded man he disliked being beaten, and he plumed himself at not being hauled even by stone-breaking. Then he set himself to pound the stone to fragments small enough to escape the meshes of the sieve. The task was fairly easy while the pieces were large, but when they were reduced in size he found it difficult to concentrate the strength of his blows on them. They had also a nasty knack of flying from under the hammer unharmed while threatening disaster in their route. This annoying habit of theirs irritated the millionaire, and after a while he perfected himself in a practice which obviated the difficulty. This was to hold the stone in position until the hammer was about to descend on it. This seemed to have the effect of guiding the blow more surely, and by adopting this expedient he was successful in getting quite a heap of stones to pass through the sieve.

But with practice grew tenacity, and tenacity led to disaster. The millionaire kept his hand too long on the stone, or the hammer was aimed less precisely than usual; but however it happened, the result was that it descended with crushing force on the millionaire's thumb. Mr. Pownceby-Smith yelled with the pain, and danced round the narrow limits of his cell hugging his injured member under the arm of its fellow until, clanking to stop on one of the stones of his own fashioning, he slipped and fell on the heap—a vagabond on a vagabond's throne.

There was no help for it now; even if he had not intended adopting a ruse to influence the doctor, he was now unable to break any more stones, and his thumb would do all the rest for some medical attention. He would, however, gladly put up with the inconvenience if it influenced the doctor to excuse him from any further work.

It was a weary experience, the waiting for nearly three hours before the doctor came, with a cheerless view of four unlovely walls and an enormous heap of stones at his feet. But slowly as the hands of the clock travel, they reach their destination sooner, and it was with a feeling of thankfulness that the millionaire heard the various town clocks striking an hour he knew to be ten. He could not count the hour, because the strokes of one intermingled with another which differed only by about a semi-tone, and then another broke in with a distracting difference of key which made him unable to decide which of the semi-tones was the clock he was originally counting. He had endeavored to distinguish, but when he counted eleven he knew he was wrong. The clash of pitches continued for some time and then ceased.

The millionaire waited impatiently, but he had to listen to the chiming of the quarter and the half-hour before the doctor came.

"Well," said he, when he arrived, and he cast a curious glance at the abundance of unmolested stones, "Have you any complaint to make?"

"I am very ill, doctor, and weak," said the millionaire, with an attempt at suitable tones.

"Open your waistcoat."

The millionaire, with a smothered desire to rebel, obeyed. The doctor applied the stethoscope.

"I can't find anything the matter," said he.

"I was unable to eat this morning; I have had no food."

"I suppose it wasn't good enough," said he, "but if it's wholesome I think that is all paupers should require."

"That may be," said the millionaire, with a faint show of heat he was unable to repress, "but I don't think it worth a day's hard work."

"Well, it's a voluntary bargain. You need not have accepted it. We didn't ask you to come in and sleep in our beds and eat our food."

"I understand that this was provided as a charity to the destitute, and not as a commercial transaction."

"You're not asked to understand anything. The rules are there, and as you have chosen to avail yourself of them you must carry them out."

"I understood that in England citizens were free. What right have the officials of this place to detain me—practically to imprison me—"

"Are you not English?"

"No, thank Heaven, I'm an American."

"Well, I suppose you have workhouses in America?"

Mr. Pownceby-Smith had taken such little interest in such affairs that he was quite in the dark as to the American method of treating the destitute, but with a native shrewdness he relied on bluff as the best substitute for knowledge. So he said:

"We have, and when a citizen is hard pushed for a night we shelter him and rely on his paying for the accommodation when he can. I say that it is against your own law to detain me."

"But we are doing nothing of the sort. You accepted certain assistance, in return for which you agreed to do certain work."

"I didn't agree, I knew nothing about the conditions. I must go to my friends to-day—I am a well-known citizen of New York—and then my affairs will be set right. I say that I should not be detained. It is practically condemning a man to imprisonment who has committed no offence. I shall pay for what you have done for me, and in any case your remedy is to sue me for payment, not to imprison me on a hard labour sentence without trial."

"You should see the master. He deals with all this sort of thing—only I hate these rows getting into the papers."

"But I am speaking to you as a doctor. I am ill, and I am not accustomed to work. Look at my hands—"

"What's the matter with your thumb?"

"I struck it with the hammer—"

"That's enough. Why the dickens didn't you show it to me before? You are incapable of working through an accident, and at your own request you are discharged. You are sure you don't want to go in the infirmary?"

"Certain. I want to go out."

"Then I'll see that you are discharged."

It was not long before the millionaire was joyfully crossing the threshold of the workhouse. Big Ben was striking eleven.

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE MILLIONAIRE IS SHOWN HIS PHOTO.

Eleven o'clock! The millionaire had no hesitation as to his course. He would go direct to the bank. The manager, in spite of his scepticism, had been careful to avoid any expressed disbelief, and as he had also promised to make inquiries, Mr. Pownceby-Smith, in spite of his many recent bitter disappointments, could not quite crush a hope that was rising in his heart.

He was absolutely penniless once more, and so was obliged to trudge the entire way. He had practically lost nothing, as he felt quite unable to swallow the coarse fare for which an economic country would have required him to break three hundred weight of stones; but yet he did not feel more than a fairly healthy appetite. He was getting accustomed to repressing the feeling of hunger, short as had been his experience of the amenities of penury. It was not the question of food that troubled him, but the matter of dress. If his dilapidated suit were not good enough for the standard set up by a third-rate temperance hotel, what effect would it have on the manager of the bank?

He could only trust to its bad effect being counteracted by the non-emphasis of the process which had caused it. After all, the manager must see the very essence of genuineness in the motive which prompted him to resort to such an extremity so as to secure the means of cabling to America. But then a misgiving occurred to him. While it was reasonable enough to believe that he would part with his clothes to cable to New York, would he find it as easy to give evidence for the fact that the sovereign he had obtained was snatched from him by a street urchin?

In fact, reflection and speculation sent the millionaire's brain into such a whirl that he resolutely set himself to avoid thought in any sense.

The workhouse was, fortunately, not very far from Charing Cross, so that a good brisk walk brought him to it well before lunch-time, and a few minutes later he was once more crossing the threshold of the bank. The clerk who had been so formally attentive and polite was again behind the counter, and the millionaire went up to him, intending to ask for the manager. The clerk, however, received him in such an extraordinary manner that Mr. Pownceby-Smith stood still, speechless and astonished. The clerk stared at him for a moment, and then burst out laughing. Then turning to a fellow-clerk, who was bending over a ledger behind him, he said:

"You've won, Wingrave, he's actually turned up again!"

"I don't think your conduct is at all what it should be," said the millionaire angrily, at which the clerks, who had now crowded behind the counter to stare at him, burst out laughing.

"You've caused me to lose half-a-crown," said the clerk he addressed. "I bet half-a-crown that you would never have the assurance to turn up again."

"There's no assurance in it," replied the millionaire, "and if you will be good enough to tell the manager that Mr. Pownceby-Smith—"

The clerks at this point interrupted him with a loud and general laugh. The millionaire affected not to hear, and continued:

"—has failed to see him."

"If you'll take my advice you'll just clear out, and not try on the game any more," said the first speaker.

"You look rather like a Yankee millionaire," said a second.

"If one of you will be good enough to take my message to your manager you can spare yourselves the trouble of making any further impertinent remarks. I can dispense with them very well."

"And we shall dispense with you for a time if you remain long enough for us to send for a policeman. Don't you think you could hit on a better story than to go loafing about in rags talking of being a millionaire?"

"I can easily explain to your manager why I am dressed like this. But why do you all so very decidedly make up your minds that I am an impostor?"

"Because we know it now; we didn't know it yesterday."

"How do you know it? And what is it you know?"

"Look here," and the clerk held up a cabinet photo of Mr. Pownceby-Smith taken only a month before he stepped on board the *Lirania*. The millionaire then remembered how he had altered his appearance and the fact that two days' stubble occupied the shaven portions neither added smartness to his appearance nor much of a likeness to the photo.

"That," said the clerk, "is Mr. Pownceby-Smith, and as you're no more like him than I'm like the Marquis of Salisbury, I should say the best thing you could do would be to go straight out that door and walk right away as fast as ever you can, and as far as you can, and I should take as many turnings as you can find."

His fellow-clerks appeared to regard this advice as very humorous, and they hailed it with hearty laughter. Mr. Pownceby-Smith had entirely recovered his composure.

"Notwithstanding your kindness," said he, "I prefer to conduct my affairs in my own way, and, if you will be so kind as to convey my message to your manager, I shall be obliged."

"You want to see him?"

"Yes, if you please."

"Very well. But if you don't go out of here with a policeman as a guide, I shall be surprised."

"I should be extremely surprised," said the millionaire with dignity, "if anything of the kind were to happen."

The clerks had stared enough, and returned to their books to await developments at their leisure. The one Mr. Pownceby-Smith had addressed went into the manager's room. Returning in a few moments, he motioned to the millionaire to enter.

Mr. Pownceby-Smith obeyed with a cool self-possession that almost bordered on haughtiness. The treatment he was being subjected to had roused a resentment in him that made him almost forget his anxieties.

"Good morning," said he, as he entered. "I think I had

better explain at once the change that has taken place in my appearance—"

"It has no interest for me," replied the manager. "I am only concerned here in the affairs of our customers. Do you still claim to be Mr. Pownceby-Smith?"

"That is my name."

"You claim to be Reuben Pownceby-Smith, of New York?"

"I am Reuben Pownceby-Smith, of New York."

"Well, you have up to the present failed to convince me that is all I can say, and certainly without some hard proof than your bare statement and appearance—"

"I have offered to explain my appearance."

The manager waved his hand.

"We have obtained the photo of Mr. Pownceby-Smith taken but a short time before he left New York, and it bears no resemblance to you."

"My clothes do not bear any resemblance to the ones I wore yesterday," said the millionaire, "and yet I am the same man."

"How do you account for the fact that the photo, do you deny that the photo," and the manager held a copy of that which the clerk had exhibited, "is that Mr. Pownceby-Smith?"

"It is most decidedly my photo!" said the millionaire.

"Your photo!" said the manager. "Then why does it not bear some resemblance to you?"

"It bears as perfect a resemblance as a rather poor pen can bear to the original; if you will only refrain from arriving at hasty conclusions and make allowance for the fact that I have had a portion of my beard shaved, the remainder trimmed in a different style, you will be able to see it for yourself."

"When did you have it shaved?"

"The night I arrived in Liverpool."

"Why?"

"Well; that is another story, and a rather private one. I wished to visit an acquaintance at Bootle, and as I have not seen her for some years I was tempted, on the spur of the moment, to revive the appearance I then affected. If I had a six or seven years' old photo of mine you would once be able to see the likeness."

"But there is hardly a single point in the tissue of circumstances you have mentioned, which is not in the first place unaccountable, and in the second involves an explanation without proof."

"However, there is not a single point I have mentioned that is not capable of proof. Take my visit to Bootle. The friend I went to see had removed."

"There! Not a single statement you make but is qualified!"

"It is not unusual for people to change their residences. My friend had removed, but she had left her address at London: 33, Marsh Parade, Lambeth."

"Where she is residing now?"

"No, she—"

"Really, sir, I cannot spare time for this—this extraordinary chronicle—"

"Yet the fact that you have been apprised of Mr. Pownceby-Smith's journey, and that you should have heard of him before this would, I should think, suggest to you the taking of special pains in anything concerning him."

"I am desirous of doing so, but I wish to guard myself against being led into a tangle, which—"

"You won't offend me, sir!"

"Well, which looks like the imaginings of a lunatic. You say your Bootle acquaintance does not live at 33, Marsh Parade!"

"I found it was only an address for the reception of letters."

"How do you explain the change in your clothing?"

"A man in extremity will seize any chance—"

"Quite so."

"I sold my suit in exchange for this and a sovereign, for I wanted to raise money enough to cable to America."

"And you have cabled?"

"No, I—"

"Then whatever shadow of confidence you inspired in me is gone, for a man in your position with a sovereign at his command would not hesitate to communicate with his friends—"

"That is quite true," said the millionaire. "And I should certainly have done so, but—"

"Another qualification," said the manager.

"I can assure you, sir," said the millionaire, "that the most trying experience I have ever had in my life is the necessity to make a series of statements in the face of scarcely-concealed disbelief."

"I am sorry that I cannot oblige you by dispensing with the common rules which apply to evidence," said the manager. "My whole interest in this matter is purely official one. Why did you not cable to America?"

"Because last night when I had the sovereign in my hand and was looking at it a boy snatched it and ran away."

"He did not pick your pocket?"

"No; I was looking at the coin and he snatched it."

"And why on earth were you looking at it?"

"Why on earth should I not look at it?" asked the millionaire, his patience quite exhausted. "If one had to account for every action it would prove a very hard matter indeed."

"Probably. However, at the present moment I cannot accept your statement that you are Mr. Pownceby-Smith. If you are, I am sorry that you find such difficulty in establishing your identity to us. I may tell you that I have myself cabled to New York and you may rest assured that before very long, with the inquiries that have now been set on foot, all doubt in the matter will be set at rest. Good morning."

The millionaire, with the vague desire to talk which seizes most people when uncertain what to do was about to address the manager; but that official peremptorily touched a bell, and Mr. Pownceby-Smith once more left the room and the bank.

(To be continued.)

## New Use for the Locomotive.

A YOUNG woman who had come to a certain city to study the dramatic art was found by a friend living in a room which looked out over a lot of railway lines where trains were being incessantly made up, and engines were backing and bumping and whistling.

"Why, what a place you've found to live in!" exclaimed the friend in wonder.

"Just the place for me," answered the student.

"But the whistling engines must prevent you from studying?"

"Of course they do, but they give me such a fine dramatic frenzy!"

## A Shop Proposal.

"NELLIE," said the assistant at the blanket counter in the big shop, speaking rapidly and in an undertone, "just a moment. Will you—what is it, sir? Harness department? Through the door and turn to the left. Nellie, do you think you could—furniture, madam? Third floor. Take the lift. Nellie, I'd like to know—handkerchiefs, ma'am? Third counter to your right. Blankets, sir? Yes, sir. Wait on you in a moment. Nellie, will you marry me?"

"Yes, Tom," whispered the girl at the fancy counter, still tapping with her pencil on the showcase. "Ca-a-a-a-a-sh!"

## "Biggest Show 'Cept One."

A MENAGERIE was coming to the town, and every fence within a radius of five miles or so had been billed with the usual lurid announcements. An old and a young yokel were gazing at the bills and wondering.

"Barnum and Bailey's circus. The biggest show on earth," read the young one.

"What—what's that?" asked the old fellow pricking up his ears.

The other read again the legend of the show bills.

"You don't know what you're talking about. That show kaint touch John Robinson's. He used ter cum here, and that ther was a show wuth seein'. It was the biggest show on this yere earth."

The old man had evidently not been to a circus for many years.

"Read it for yourself, then," said the young yokel. "I tell 'ee that thing says this is the biggest show on earth."

The old man proceeded to spell out the big letters. He waded through "Barnum and Bailey," and after a rest began on the remainder of the sentence:

"B-i-g-g-e-s-t s-h-o-w o-n e-a-r-t-h, S-e-p-t. 1."

"I knowed it! I knowed it!" shouted the old man, jumping up and down in his glee. "The biggest show, 'cept one,' and that ther one was John Robinson's."

MR. PECK: "What is that book you are reading, my dear?"

Mrs. Peck: "It's a novel, entitled 'A Fatal Flirtation,' with such a sad ending."

Mr. Peck: "Something like ours, I presume?"

THE BUTTON WAS ON—"Aha!" And he laughed feebly as he read from the morning paper: "The burglar shot at the man, whose life was saved by the bullet striking against a button of his clothes!"

"Well?" snapped his spouse, "what of that?"

"What of that?" said he, as he felt his collar going up steadily to the nape of his neck. "Oh, nothing except that the button must have been on!"

THE young couple were perceived as soon as they entered the train, and immediately put down as a bridal pair. But they were remarkably self-possessed, and behaved just like old folks, so that after a short time the other passengers began to doubt it after all. As the train moved out, however, the young man rose to remove his overcoat, and a shower of rice fell out, while the passengers smiled broadly. But even that did not affect the youth, who also smiled, and turning to his partner, remarked audibly:

"By jove, May, I've stolen the groom's overcoat!"

MEANT A PALL-BEARER, OF COURSE.—A Frenchman went to an Englishman, and said to him:

"What does a polar bear do?"

The Englishman answered:

"What does a polar bear do? I don't know. Why, he sits on the ice."

"Sits on zee ice?"

"Yes," said the Englishman, "there is nothing else to sit on."

"Vel, vat he do, too?"

"What does he also do? Why, he eats fish."

"Eats fish; sits on zee ice and eats fish? Then I not accept."

"Why, what do you mean? You don't accept?"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, non, non! I does not accept. I was invited to be polar bear to a funeral."

## FACTS.

No particular form of religion receives official recognition in Japan.

THERE is a town in Michigan which pays her mayor only £4 14s. 6d. a year.

PHILADELPHIA has a greater mileage of electric railways than the whole of Germany.

THE new waiting-room in the New York Central station will be the largest in the world.

THE left side of the face is considered by artists and photographers more beautiful than the right.

PIOUS Russians do not eat pigeons, because of the sanctity conferred on the dove in the Scriptures.

THE United States and Germany are the only two great powers of the world that have no postal savings banks.

IN the Imperial Library at Calcutta more than 100,000 volumes on Indian affairs are brought together and classified.

IT is said that Good Friday is the only day in the year on which the Spanish royal family appears on foot in the streets of Madrid.

MR. JAMES GARWOOD has established a curious world's record; he has stuck up and knocked down 422 frames of skittles in three hours, demolishing seventy-eight in 30 min.

THERE has been seen at different times in Albany on a moonlight night, between the hours of 8 and 12 p.m., that beautiful sign, the rainbow, and very beautiful in appearance; but this cannot be accounted for.

A NUMBER of ministers at New Castle, Ind., U.S.A., who were much angered by bad boys going bathing on Sunday, recently ordered a number of alligators to be put in the ponds about the town to keep the boys away on the day of rest, and all other times.

IT used to be the custom when the chief priest of one of the Congo tribes showed symptoms of illness to kill him forthwith, either by strangling or by aid of a club; the natives believing that if he were allowed to die by disease, all the rest of the world would perish.

THERE is a species of frog which dwells on the Western Tiers, Tasmania, whose voice resembles the bleating of a lamb. In the olden days a shepherd, hearing the sound for the first time, thought he had discovered a contingent of lost ewes and lambs, and followed the sound for some days, returning in rags and half-starved.

THE most interesting fact concerning New South Wales is in respect to travelling; there is no third class either on the railways or steamships, all first and second. Even steamers which carry third class passengers from over-sea ports and which touch at all the principal ports, will not ship third class passengers between colonial ports.

STANLEY, the explorer, says that slavery will never be abolished in Africa until railways are constructed from the coast to the interior. This is so, because in many parts of the dark continent, slaves are the only means of carriage for commodities, and, for the most part, goods are brought to the coast, and their exchange value taken back again on the backs of slaves.

SOME of the coffins that were supplied in the early days of Coolgardie were to be seen with lettering on them entirely out of place. It was a common thing to see the remains of a human being, who had perished for the want of water, going to its last resting-place in a coffin labelled "To be kept dry"; "This side up with care"; "To be stowed away from boilers," etc.

THE first piece of beefsteak that ever reached the goldfields in Alaska sold for £10 per pound. The piece of beefsteak was carried 250 miles on the back of a miner, and weighed a fraction over ten pounds. It was put on exhibition at Circle City, and attracted much attention. It was subsequently disposed of for £100, the proceeds going to swell the miner hospital fund at that place.

REPAIRING a gun-boat on the Nile is an undertaking of some difficulty. Recently the *Hafr* in her passage through the cataracts had several plates stove in. Berber at the present time does not boast of a dock-yard, and to effect the necessary repairs the boat had to be hauled high and dry on the river bank. To do this eight hundred men were employed under the direction of Commander Keppel, R.N., and in the course of two hours the ship was out of water.

THE march of civilisation in Burma is full of interest and amusement, even to the most casual observer. Young Burma cannot now go forth as his father did, in loose but comfortable sandals; he must have fancy coloured socks, held in rigid order by fancy garters worn about the swell of the calf, while Cromwellian shoes with large steel buckles have caught on famously. A young student who purchased his first pair on a Saturday, wore them to church on Sunday, but took them back to the store on Monday to be changed because they did not creak!

## Just in Time.

A BUTCHER's lad went to deliver some meat at a house in the North of England where a fierce dog is kept.

The lad entered the back door, and as soon as the dog saw him it pinned him against the wall. In a short time the mistress of the house ran out and drove the animal away.

"Has he bitten you?" she asked.

"No," said the lad; "aa kept him off by giving him your suet, an' ye just cum' in time to save your beef."

## He Saved the Show.

WILD MAN OF BORNEO: "I tell you the manager of this show is a smart chap."

Bearded Lady: "In what way?"

Wild Man: "For cases of emergency. While you were out this afternoon the current from the Electric Girl struck the Man with the Iron Jaw, who was seated next to her, and nearly set the platform on fire, but the manager saved the show."

Bearded Lady: "What did he do?"

Wild Man: "He seized the India Rubber Man, shoved him in between the couple, and insulated the Iron Jaw Man."

## The Reward of Haughtiness.

THE other day a chemist was awakened about one o'clock in the morning by a lad clamouring at his shop door. Opening his bedroom window, he saw a small boy, who was gesticulating wildly.

"What's the matter?" inquired the chemist.

"I want a penn'orth o' camphorated chloroform for t' toothache," howled the lad.

The chemist was not overjoyed when he found how small the order was for which he had been so rudely awakened from his slumber, but taking pity on the sufferer, he dressed himself and went downstairs to supply the much-desired relief. While measuring the drug he could not help doing a growl at the lad.

"It's like your cheek," he observed, "to wake me up at this time of the night for a paltry penn'orth of chloroform."

"Oh, is it?" said the boy resentfully, "then I'll tek mi custom somewhere else. Yer can keep yer chloroform. I wean't hev it neaw for yer blooming sauce."

And he didn't. He went off quite indignantly, nursing his jaw, to wake up another chemist.

SHE REMONSTRATED.—"Mrs. Small," said the lodger to his landlady, "I thought you didn't allow smoking in the parlour?"

"I don't," replied Mrs. Small with energy. "Who's doing it I'd like to know?"

"Well, if you have time you might step in and remonstrate with the lamp."

MRS. DORCAS: "I do think the LADIES' SPARE TIME is the best magazine I ever saw. In the current number it shows you how to make a lovely pair of slippers out of an old flannel shirt."

Mrs. Newed: "But wouldn't that be difficult?"

Mrs. Dorcas: "Not at all. If you make them too large you have only to soak them in water till they shrink to the proper size."

"It is very kind of you, madam," said the tramp, "to give me such a fine dinner."

"Don't mention it, you poor man," said the kind-hearted woman.

"But I will repay you," said the tramp gratefully.

"I'll tell all my pals that you are a flinty-hearted ter-magant that ain't never known how to cook nothin' decent, so's they'll give your house the go-by and won't never bother you."

THIS is a baby. It is a girl baby. How sloppy its chin is! How red its eyes. What horrid contortions it makes with its face. See how savagely it kicks. How like a demon it yells!

Yet in a few short years some man will be half crazed with wild suspense, worshipping the very air this being breathes, devoutly kneeling at her feet, and frantically begging for one word, one pressure of the hand, even a look, which will give him hope.

A CLERGYMAN who has a small farm was walking round, superintending, when he came up to his ploughman, who was resting his horses. The clergyman said:

"John, could you not bring an old sickle and cut away the weeds in this corner while you rest the horses?"

John said:

"Master, couldn't you take a bag of them mixed seeds into the poolpit wi' you, and sort 'em while they're singing?"

John always breathed his horses as well as himself after that with nothing said.

## OSCULUM!

ABOUT SOME FAMOUS KISSERS AND THEIR KISSES.

THERE is little doubt from ancient records that kissing was brought into England from Friesland. St. Piers Winsenius, historiographer to their High Mightinesses, the States of Friesland, in his chronicle, 1622, tells us that kissing was quite "unpractised and unknown in England till the fair Princess Rouix (Rowena), the daughter of King Hengist, of Friesland, pressed the beaker with her lipkins, and saluted the amorous Vortigern with a *kusjen* (little kiss), after which it gradually developed into a recognised form of salutation."

With regard to kissing sovereigns at Court, different nations have different customs, but in France the Royal hand of the sovereign has always been looked upon with scorn, and the very idea of kissing is held in ridicule.

In Turkey again, kissing the Sultan is an honour which is reserved for the vizier, ministers, and certain privileged pachas, and this act of homage is performed with the utmost solemnity, being marked by every sign of respect worthy of so important an occasion.

Once more, kissing the Pope's toe appears a very curious form of salutation. It originated in the fact that it was formerly the custom to kiss the hand of his Holiness, but towards the close of the eighteenth century a certain woman, when making an offering to the Pope, not only kissed his hand, but committed the terrible outrage of squeezing it.

The Pope, seeing the danger to which he was thus exposed, cut off that hand, and by this means escaped the contamination to which he had been rendered liable. Since that time the precaution has been taken of kissing the Pope's toe instead of his hand, when he wears a special slipper for the occasion embroidered with the sign of the cross.

The second hand of the above-mentioned outraged Pope is still preserved as a rare relic among the Roman Catholic curios in Rome.

Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, it is said, once gave a butcher a kiss for a vote, and another lady, equally beautiful, and gifted with powers of fascination, was Jane, Duchess of Gordon, who recruited a whole regiment in a similar manner. Indeed, she was in the habit of putting a shilling between her teeth (the sum usually handed to recruits to bind the bargain), and inviting any man who filled the physical requirements of a soldier to take the silver from its place with his lips, and become one of the famous Ninety-second.

One of the most famous kisses in theatrical annals is that which was put up by auction by Monty Lushington in Henry Arthur Jones's play *The Masqueraders*, and knocked down to Sir Bryce Skene—a wealthy but dissolute baronet, who was bidding obstinately against his rival, for the fabulous sum of three thousand pounds.

Amongst other curious theatrical kisses were those given by favourite actresses through the medium of a strawberry at certain dramatic fêtes held year by year in the sixties at the Crystal Palace in aid of funds for the Royal Dramatic College at Woking: such strawberries kissed by the fair professionals' lips selling for as much as half-a-guinea apiece, and even a guinea.

"WHAT do you think you will make out of my daughter's talent?"

Professor (absent-mindedly): "About three shillings a lesson if the piano lasts."

JAGGS: "It's a shame to make your wife work so hard. Why don't you help her?"

Baggs: "Why, I do! I make the fire every morning."

Jaggs: "But who carries the coal upstairs?"

Baggs: "We use a gas stove!"

"Dickey doesn't know his letters well," explained his mother to the new teacher, "but he's quick in learning figures."

"What is this, dear?" asked the teacher, pointing to the letter B.

"Dat's a thirteen jammed together," promptly responded Dickey.

Hz: "How many bridesmaids are you going to have, dearest?"

She: "None."

He: "Why, I thought you'd set your heart on it."

She: "I had; but, from present indications, the girls I want will all be married first."

## The Five Young Ladies of Manchester.

By W. L. ALDEN.

THERE are five young ladies in the city of Manchester, who, until recently, were found together by the ties of a most intimate friendship. This assertion may be doubted, for it is unquestionably true that a young lady rarely has more than one intimate friend of her own sex at one and the same time.

Nevertheless, the five young ladies of Manchester happened to resemble one another very closely in size, hair, and complexion, and each could wear the clothes of either of the remaining four. Upon this, the surest basis of feminine friendship, their intimacy was founded, and there is no doubt that they loved one another deeply and sincerely.

They were very nice girls indeed. No one ever knew them to do anything wrong. They never flirted except at tea fights, and they always refused to dance dances where any girls belonging to any other "set" were present.

They all sang in the choir, and the respect that they paid to the choirmaster—a young man from Peckham, with a fine tenor voice—was in marked contrast to the impertinent airs which other girls belonging to the same choir often displayed. In short, these five young ladies were the pride of the city, the host of the Sunday-school, and the comfort and delight of five pairs of assorted parents.

The affection for one another was manifested on all occasions. They shared all their secrets and chocolates, and they were all bound by a solemn promise to be bridesmaids to one another. To see them walking along Cannon Street, five abreast—if the expression can be used without indelicacy—with their arms about one another's waists, and ribbons of the same colour and pattern in their hair, was a touching and beautiful sight.

Some months ago the five young ladies of Manchester simultaneously made to one another the confession that each had a lover. It was certainly a remarkable coincidence that each one should have been in a condition to make this confession on the same afternoon, but it was a still more remarkable coincidence that when Miss Amy remarked with great sadness that she feared her lover was an irreligious man, Miss Susie, Miss Sallie, Miss Carrie, and Miss Katie each admitted that her individual lover was similarly irreligious.

As has been said, they were extremely good girls, and they were greatly grieved that five distinct and separate lovers should, one and all, be grossly irreligious. Miss Amy said that there could be no doubt that St. Paul was clearly of the opinion that it was wrong to be unequally yoked with an unbeliever, and she did not see how that opinion could be got over.

The other girls unanimously admitted that they had likewise studied the text to which Miss Amy had alluded, and that they had spent sleepless nights in vainly trying to get over it. It being thus agreed that the unfortunately plain language of the Apostle could not be "got over," the five young ladies fell upon their five respective necks, and wept bitterly.

When the French girl finds herself hopelessly separated from her lover she takes a new one, and feels thankful that the volume of men is always commensurate with the necessities of feminine affection. When the Italian girl is in a like situation, she goes into a convent or she marries an eligible old man. The English girl, however, is full of energy and resources, and she has no idea of sitting down calmly before the first obstacle that arises between herself and her lover.

The five young ladies of Manchester, after devoting an intermission of minutes to the refreshing process of weeping, resumed business, or rather conversation, and discussed the question how to remove the barrier which was placed in the way of their happiness by the irreligion of the five lovers.

After debating the question whether the minister should be asked to call on each of the five lovers and argue them out of their wickedness, and deciding that this was impracticable, it was agreed that a series of prayer-meetings should be held by the five young ladies, and that each should pray for her lover by name, with the assistance of her four companions.

This was a truly beautiful resolution, and the man who could speak of it irreverently would be decidedly worse than the worst of the five wicked lovers.

On the next afternoon, which, to be precise, was the afternoon of the 30th of August last, the five young ladies of Manchester met in the bedroom of Miss Carrie, for the purpose of holding their first prayer meeting.

The agreement that each one should pray for her lover by name caused some little delay in the formal opening of the meeting. As yet, no one of the five had mentioned her lover's name, and each was reluctant to be the first to break that particular piece of metaphorical ice. It was at last agreed that the order of precedence should be settled by drawing lots, and that the name of the first lover should be announced before beginning.

Lots were accordingly drawn, and it became Miss Carrie's duty to name her lover. Accordingly, with many blushes, that excellent young lady said:

"Well, girls, if I must, I must. His name is Henry

Wilson, and, if he is irreligious, I know he loves me dearly."

There was an awful pause of several seconds duration, and then Miss Amy arose, caught up her bonnet, and remarking that "she never heard such impudence; not since she was born," and that "she wouldn't have believed for worlds that Miss Carrie could tell such an awful story," burst into tears.

Almost simultaneously, Miss Susie, Miss Katie, and Miss Sallie seized their respective bonnets, and remained in unison that Miss Carrie was a wicked, deceitful, and that Mr. Wilson loved each of them, and each of them only. After this tremendous avowal, the first that was at first concentrated on Miss Carrie was distributed among the entire five. Each one charged that Mr. Wilson was her private and personal creature, and that the other four girls were false and shallow creatures. There was no further reference made to the intended prayer-meeting.

The five friends parted in bitter enmity, and the prospect of any concerted measures for the redemption of the soul of Mr. Henry Wilson, the wicked chameleon, seems at present extremely remote.

"WHAT makes you so thoughtful, Mr. Clinch?"  
"Eh? Oh, yes; I was just wondering if the contortionist sits on the floor to put on her shoes, or all the others of her sex."

SCENE:—London thoroughfare.  
Old Gentleman: "Hi, what do you mean by me a paper and yelling, 'British vessel gone down all on board?' There's been no accident!"  
Newspaper Boy: "Who said there had? It's a submarine boat they're tryin' at Dover."

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General Manager for the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation Ltd.

Rich. J. Faull

Don't forget to buy this week's SHORT STORIES. The instalment of the "Final War" is particularly brilliant.

## Douglas Wins the Memory Prize.

THE offer of a solid silver pencil-case made in the double number of *P.W.* for the most interesting account of early recollections goes to Mr. P. A. Cox, 16 Drungold St. Douglas, I.O.M., for the following:

I HAVE often made my mother laugh and wonder at my relating incidents of my childhood when barely twelve months old.

I remember our old nurse, who had a terrible habit, when feeding me with bread and hot milk, of first putting the spoon in her own mouth, swallowing the best part, and then giving me the remainder.

I remember looking up at her, and wishing I could speak and tell my mother.

BELOW are some of the best forwarded; to each of the senders a penknife has been awarded:

I CAN remember clearly, when I was eighteen months old, crawling away from White Horse Street, in the Cornwall Road, Lambeth, and going down the steps at the Surrey side of Blackfriars Bridge, and playing with the water, and being found there by my mother. I am now in my fifth year.—JAS. CLARKE, 7 Grosvenor Terrace, Earlfield, S.W.

I AM fifty-eight years old, self-taught, and remember my father teaching me to walk. He placed me in a corner against an eight-day clock, held out his hands, and walked a short distance. I could walk when thirteen months old.

I also remember a servant holding me up to a window before I could walk to look at our father thrashing corn in a great field adjoining our house with a sickle and a flail, and father in the end driving them.—A. LILL, 13 Congate, Peterborough.

I WAS born in Oldham in 1836. I can remember, when only thirteen months old, sitting in a room in a station in Manchester with my mother. She was bringing me to the land.

All I remember is seeing her crying and kissing a lady goodbye. The rest was a blank till I was about five years of age.

W. E., sixty-three years of age, distinctly recollect being taken out of a place of worship by mother, when outside was shabby, when opposite to a blacksmith's shop, brought back and again placed at the door, then taken inside.

On relating this some thirty-five years ago, and mother being present, she was very much surprised at my recollection, and said I was not twelve months old at the time. She took me to the blacksmith's shop to smack me—which I do not recollect.

My memory dates back to a new-born infant. A record in memory, without doubt. I have a vivid recollection of our family doctor taking me up in his arms, and I feeling afraid of his massive beard. Now it is doubtful whether this occurred during the time I was just arrived, or within three months of my existence—the vaccination torture.

## Shower Baths along the Street.

WHAT would you think of shower baths erected at intervals along the streets? It seems almost like the suggestion of an irresponsible being, but it is not. The idea owes its origin to one of the most eminent critics living at the present time, the well-known Frenchman, M. Francisque Sarcey.

Everybody who has visited Paris cannot fail to have noticed the kiosks where newspapers are sold at frequent intervals along the boulevards. M. Sarcey believes that similar edifices should be placed for the accommodation of the bather, and in order to bring the pleasure well within the means of everybody he would fix the price for bath and soap and towel at the very moderate fee of three halfpence.

No Utopian scheme is this for the benefit of the few, for M. Sarcey is of opinion that with the opportunity there would soon be a million people every year eager to avail themselves of these cheap and refreshing baths.

M. Sarcey has long been an advocate of improved conditions in the life of the people, and is well-known not only in London, but elsewhere throughout the country, and his advocacy of what is regarded on the Continent of so essentially English a custom as daily bathing is likely to lead to his increased popularity among us, while at the same time demonstrating to his countrymen that there are some good things to be got out of England, and that it does not follow, as has been said by a witty Frenchman, that we must be very dirty indeed, seeing we require such a lot of washing.

WHEN a man gathers the flowers of anticipation he generally finds that he hasn't much of a bouquet.

"I SUPPOSE you've never been kissed by a man before?" he said.

"Do I look as plain as all that?" she demanded laughingly.

"I WOULDN'T mind having my poems paid for on publication," remarked the struggling young genius with a sad, wan smile, "if it were not for the fact that my meals must be paid for on acceptance."

MIRIAM: "Did you take the photograph of the young man on the mantelpiece?"

Mildred: "Yes."

Miriam: "Friend of yours, I suppose?"

Mildred: "Well, he was before I took the photo."

## Women Who Dress Like Men.

THERE has been not a little talk lately of women who have adopted male costume in order to pose as men. It is, however, well known that several women adopt the costume with no such idea, but merely on account of its convenience for their peculiar avocations, a fact which is sufficiently demonstrated every day in the week, to say nothing of Sunday, by the hundreds of women who have taken to wearing knickerbockers when on cycling bent.

While our insular notions make the adoption of coat and trousers very rare indeed among the well-known or well-to-do people in England, there is a refreshing radicalism on this subject abroad.

Many people will recall the fact that for many years the greatest woman painter of France, Ros. Bonheur, has adopted a masculine attire for her work, as she found that trousers are far less inconvenient for the painting ladder than are skirts.

In a similar way, at the time when the equally great actress, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, took up sculpture as a pastime, she used to wear a suit of white flannel—coat and trousers—in her studio.

Both the women, however, do not habitually appear in public disguised out of all resemblance to their sex, for they are women to whom skirts, lace, and the frillous, which are essentially feminine, are peculiarly becoming.

On the other hand, Madame Dieulafoi, who has the reputation of being not only one of the most famous women in Paris, but also one of the greatest archeologists in Europe, never puts off her masculine garments for the accepted ones of her sex.

Most people will be surprised to learn that she is a married woman, and her husband is not averse to her appearing in clothes cut exactly like his, for she thinks that they are not only comfortable, but convenient for her in her work. It was she who discovered the ruins of the Temple of Darius, which are now in the Louvre, and which won for her the decoration of the Legion of Honour, as well as the privilege from the French Government to wear man's clothes at all times.

There are none of the external marks of femininity about her, for her hair is cut short in a straight uncurled fringe across her forehead; and it need hardly be added that she wears a silk hat, and insists on her tailor giving her a cut that fits her figure to perfection. On the other hand, she is not at all masculine in her habits or manners, for she is a woman who is essentially feminine, and whose manliness is limited merely to her clothing.

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A new size (Six Ounce) Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d., is now on Sale at all Chemists and Stores. This great concession in price is the result of vast sales of Guy's Tonic.

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Everyone of our readers sending for the *PEARSON TOURISTS' CAMERA*, for 14 days only from date of this paper, will be presented with the Graphic Stereoscope and 12 Slides. This is a splendid instrument. By means of this beautiful instrument the photographs are rendered so vivid, the objects stand out with such distinctness, that observers would almost think they were looking at Nature itself, the illusion is so perfect. GIVEN FREE with Tourist Camera. An extra charge of 6d. for package and postage will be made, making in all, 8/-.

**RULES.**—All persons sending must mark on left-hand top-corner of envelope the words "Pearson's Camera," and send it along with postal order for amount to the manufacturers.

## THE SILVERITE CO., LONDON ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

NOTICE.—NO PERSON WILL BE SUPPLIED WITH MORE THAN ONE CAMERA.

## HOME NOTES PAGE.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

**For Boiling Salmon** the water should be boiling, but for all other fish the water should only be warm.

**Your Dark Blue Cloth Suit** should be sent to a good chemical cleaner to dye or clean. I do not believe in home methods for dyeing very thick cloth. (Reply to LASCET.)

**A Cake Needs to Rise** to its full height before browning, especially sponge cakes. The lightness of this cake depends, first, on thoroughly beating; secondly, on baking properly.

**For Polishing Patent Leather.** A simple polish may be made at home by mixing equal quantities of sweet oil and turpentine; it will impart a good polish, even to the oldest leather. (Reply to BRADLEY.)

**Paint your Flower Pots** inside with two or three thin coats of good bath enamel, allowing each coat to dry hard before putting on another. The rust should be scoured off before the painting is begun. (Reply to M. H. BLACKHEATH.)

**Swiss Beetroot Garnish for Steaks** is a novel way of serving the well-known vegetable. Boil some beetroot until tender, scrape off the skin, chop very fine, and pour over a large tablespoonful of melted butter. Add a dash of vinegar, pepper, and salt to taste, and serve hot.

**Respecting Carbolic Acid,** which you wish to use for wounds, the greatest care is necessary in measuring it. A good lotion is one proportion of carbolic to forty of water; this may be added to bathing water also. I can give you no directions as to clearing your morphine injection, and advise your consulting a doctor as to how to treat it. (Reply to TOKA.)

**Make Blackberry Jelly** instead of the usual blackberry jam when you have a good supply of the choicest of hedgerow fruit, and you will be amply rewarded. Proceed as follows: Put the unstalked fruit in a preserving pan, and place on the fire; stir constantly, and boil for ten minutes. Strain and press the fruit, and to every pint of juice allow a pound of sugar. Put the juice on to boil, skim well, and when free from scum add the sugar. Stir till the syrup jellies, and pot for use.

**To Remove Rust from Brass** which has been neglected, first wash the article thoroughly with a strong hot solution of washing soda. Follow this by repeated applications of a solution of oxalic acid, which should be applied with a soft rag. Then polish with a long strip of flannel, sprinkled with the finest powdered rotten stone. This process will bring up a beautiful surface, and if you wish to keep it in the same state without constant labour, apply a coat of cold lacquer with a camel's hair brush. (Reply to L. C. DONS.)

**Pot Pourri** should be made at once, or the flowers will not be sufficiently dry. Take a large quantity of fresh rose leaves, dry them in the sun, turn about constantly so that all get perfectly dry and crisp, add sweet scented geranium, lemon verbena, honeysuckle, lavender, etc., all of which must be thoroughly dry. After about a fortnight's drying, pepper the leaves with powdered orris-root, cinnamon, and bay salt, about a tablespoonful of each will be required. Then add twenty drops of oil of cloves, the same quantity of lavender, half that quantity of oil of cinnamon, and as much oil of musk as you feel entitled to spend on your pot pourri. This is the most expensive in the preparation. Mix all thoroughly together, and place in a wide-mouthed jar. For the first year or two the leaves should be stirred constantly. Keep your jar in a dry place, and each year you will be more delighted with its fragrant aroma. (Reply to ST. CLAIR.)

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Edited by Mrs. ARIA.

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READY ON THE 1ST OF EVERY MONTH.

**Milk,** with an equal quantity of aerated water, is both nourishing and cooling, and by many is more easily digested than milk alone.

**Lavender Water.** Mix together four ounces of rectified spirits of wine, one drachm of English oil of lavender, three drachms essence of bergamot, one drachm essence of ambergris. (Reply to H. CURTIS.)

**Wire Baskets** for frying fish, croquettes, potato ribbons, etc., are amongst the greatest conveniences of the modern kitchen. These may be bought in several sizes at a small cost, and are very necessary for frying successfully in deep fat.

**The Most Economical Roast of Beef** is the upper or top side of the round, for it has very little or no bone, and when judiciously chosen—that is when it is of good quality—is both tender and full of gravy. This is also a very useful piece to have, for a portion of it may be cut off before cooking without spoiling the look of the joint. This piece of meat will make either a good stew or pie.

**To Make Black Currant Gin** fill wide-mouthed bottles with good sound black currants snuffed and stalked, add four ounces of crushed sugar to each big bottle full of fruit, fill up with gin, and cork tightly. Gently shake the bottles two or three times a week for the first month, then keep for three months. Strain off the liqueur, bottle, and it will be ready for use, but like all fruit liqueurs, improves by keeping. (Reply to JENKINS.)

**Savoury Pudding.** Beat one egg, and add it to half a pint of milk; pour this over four ounces of breadcrumbs, and leave to soak for an hour. Take one pound of cold lean meat—veal or poultry for choice—mince it very finely, season with pepper, salt, a little chopped herbs, and lemon-peel. Add the mince to the crumbs, and beat all together. Grease a pie-dish, line it with pastry, pour in the mixture, place a few bits of butter on the top, and bake till the pastry is done and the top of the pie browned.

**Cumberland Butter,** such as you had before, can be made at any time of year, and will keep well in covered pots. I find it very popular on thin oat cake, and again on white bread as sandwiches. Grate a nutmeg over one pound of soft brown sugar, then moisten it with about a wineglassful of rum, taking care not to make the mixture too wet, or else the butter will not "set" properly. Next melt one pound of good fresh butter, and pour it over the sugar, stirring all the time. Keep stirring till the mixture begins to thicken, then pour into glass dishes or whatever else is preferred. (Reply to E. B. M.)

**Long Walks should not be Forced upon Children,** though moderate exercise is good as they grow older. In summer, instead of dragging children along hot roads for a walk, let them play in the open air. If you have no suitable garden, let the children go to the nearest open space, and let them roam about at their pleasure. Those who have a garden, without sufficient occupation to be found in it by the young folks, should buy a load of sand. This put in a shady corner, where it will not be used as a rubbish heap, will prove an endless source of joy and amusement. Provide the young folks with spades and buckets, and their pleasure will be nearly as great as when at the sea-side. A word of caution here as to spades. Always see that they are the proper length. Injury to young children may be caused by continual stooping with a spade too short in the handle.

**The Cold Weather** will soon be here, and it behoves provident folk to prepare warmer garments. A coat and skirt is very economical wear, especially in winter. It does for both indoors and out, and, on either occasion, the coat may be worn or not as the thermometer dictates. For those who can afford it a cloth costume is nice, but, at the same time, unless the cloth be a very good one, it is apt to spot. Far better for hard, everyday wear is a coat and skirt of a fine ribbed coating. The skirt should be lined with linette or silk, as one's purse permits, but for the coat a shot polonaise or a striped tailor's union is to be preferred. Before making the material up, lay it out on a smooth table and press (not iron) it with a damp cloth and a hot iron. You will thus prevent its shrinking afterwards, neither will it spot if this be done. I have made a little sketch for you of a really good coat and skirt, the pattern of which may be had from these offices for 7½d., post-free, or separately, 4½d. each.



## ISOBEL'S PAPER PATTERNS

ARE THE  
CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD.

On account of the enormous size of our paper pattern business, we have introduced into our cutting department all the latest labour-saving appliances known to the scientific world, with the result that our patterns, which are the best in every way, are cut at a minimum cost. We are willing that our readers should share in this economy, so we offer the patterns at half price, viz.: Bodices, 3½d.; Skirts, 4½d.; Costumes, 6½d.; Coats and Skirts, 7½d.; etc., etc. The quality of the patterns is as good, or even better than ever.

**When Frying Cold Potatoes** first slice them and dredge thickly with flour. This causes the potatoes to brown more quickly, and also improves the flavour.

**When Varnishing a Floor** previous to polishing with beeswax and turpentine, remember that, to look well, varnish must be laid on very evenly and thinly, and it must be quite dry before the second coat is applied.

**Silk cannot be Successfully Ironed out** without first sprinkling it with water, rolling it up tightly in a towel and letting it rest for an hour. If the iron is at all too hot it will injure the silk, so it should be first tried on an old scrap of the material.

**Venison** should be hung till it tastes of game, but not so long that it is actually decaying, for then it is unwholesome. Venison that is too fresh tastes like good beef, but rather richer. Should the meat be a little too high, it is necessary to cleanse it with vinegar and water before cooking.

**Cleaning Wall Papers.** You will be able to cleanse your papers quite easily in this manner. Put an old linen pillow-case on to a broom and brush the paper gently all over, changing the pillow-case when dirty. Rub any very dirty spots with stale bread. (Reply to EVAN.)

**Salmon Cutlets.** Take a small tin of salmon, remove the bones, and shred the meat finely. Weigh the shredded fish and allow about one-third its weight in mashed potato or breadcrumbs. Season with salt, pepper, a pinch of mace, and a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar. Beat up one egg and work into the salmon mixture, scatter over it a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Form the mixture into cutlets, brush over with beaten egg, dip into breadcrumbs, place in a wire basket, and fry till a golden-brown. Serve with good parsley sauce. (Reply to TOTTIE.)

**A Tasty Kidney Dish** is prepared as follows: Put two ounces of butter in a stew-pan, a tablespoonful each of chopped onion, and a squeeze of lemon juice, pepper and salt. Split the kidneys, and after taking out the white skin, add them to the butter, etc., and cook slowly. Butter half a dozen oval moulds, and line with a layer of sausage meat. Place half a kidney in each, and cover with some of the mushrooms and onion. Steam the moulds for twenty minutes, and turn out carefully. If preferred one flat mould can be used. Four round some gravy, thickened with arrowroot, and garnish the dish with fried croûtons of bread, chopped lemon peel and parsley. Serve this dish very hot.

Isobel

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Black blocks are charged 25 per cent. extra. All advertisements are subject to approval. All copy must be sent in by Noon on Thursday, Aug. 25, if intended for the issue on sale Sept. 3 and dated Sept. 10. The Proprietors reserve the right to hold over or suspend the insertion of any advertisement without prejudice to other insertions on order. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly" Office, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

| 1898. APRIL.                                                                                   | MAY.                                                                                                                | JUNE.                                                                                                 | JULY.                                                                                             | AUGUST.                                                                                                             | SEPTEMBER.                                                                                                 | OCTOBER.                                                                                                        | NOVEMBER.                                                                                              | DECEMBER.                                                                                                  | 1899. JAN.                                                                                                          | FEBRUARY.                                                                                                | MARCH.                                                                                   |
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THE MOST ECONOMIC, CONVENIENT,  
& PORTABLE FORM OF SOUP

# LAZENBY'S SOUP SQUARES

(MULLIGATAWNY, GRAVY, JULIENNE, ETC.)

FOR MAKING FRESH SOUP, OR  
IMPROVING HOME MADE STOCK.  
EACH SQUARE WILL PRODUCE

**1½ PINTS OF STRONG  
NUTRITIOUS SOUP**

Prepared by  
**E. LAZENBY & SON, LTD. 18, Trinity St., LONDON, S.E.**



The wonderful Metal Polish. Burnishes gold, silver, electro, brass, copper, nickel, tin, &c. No other polish equals it for quick, easy, perfect results. A pennyworth of Pyn-ka will do more work and better work than thrice the sum spent otherwise. Pyn-ka in tablets and paste, 1d. to 6d. All stores, oilmen, grocers, &c.

**The Lustre Lasts!  
Leaves No Scratches!**

Over Seventy Years' Established Reputation.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST INFANTS' FOOD.

## NEAVE'S FOOD

For Infants, Children, Invalids, and the Aged.

"This is an excellent Food admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons; and, being rich in phosphates and potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."—SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D., Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

115 Woodbridge Road, Ipswich,  
March 26th, 1893.  
Dear Sirs,—I enclose photo of my little daughter, who has been brought up entirely on your Food. When she was born I had not sufficient natural food for her, and I and my friends thought I should lose her. I was recommended to several foods, which I tried, but none seemed to agree with her, so I began to despair; but at last I gave "NEAVE'S" a trial, and found she soon began to improve. I continued to use it, and have had no other since. From the photo you can see for yourselves what it has done for her; she is healthy and strong, and I am proud of her. She is now nine months old.  
Yours truly, MRS. BOER.

If the directions given on each tin are followed, the infantile system may be regulated without the aid of medicine.

A Most Nutritious Food for Nursing Mothers.

### YOU DO HAVE NICE JELLIES!

THE other day we gave a children's party, or rather the children invited their own guests and arranged the amusements, while we finished the feast. Among other nice things, we provided half-a-dozen Chivers' Jellies, in various flavours and colours. These, turned out of pretty moulds, make quite a feast of delicate tint and rich fruit colouring, which was enhanced by the dainty transparent tremulousness of the Jellies themselves. We were standing near the fireplace, overlooking the table, ready to wait on the many little guests, but we were soon told that the children preferred to help one another. We were, however, consolingly informed that we could look on, which we accordingly proceeded to do. When the Jellies were handed round, one of the little guests said to a friend: "Oh! do have some of this jelly, it is so nice!" and another tiny mite of eight called out, right across the table, to one of the daughters of the house: "Oh! I say, you do have nice jellies," at which all the children seated at the table roared with laughter. And yet the child was right; we do have nice Jellies, because we buy Chivers' Jellies; and what, no doubt, struck our little guest, was the delicate natural fruity flavour and odour of the Jelly. We understand that the manufacturers stake their reputation on the purity of the material and the natural juices expressed from rich, ripe fruit used in the flavouring. Why not, then, do as we do—get Chivers' Jellies—one or more of them—and see what your children say? We wrote first for a free sample, to Chivers and Sons' Fruit Farm, Histon, Cambridge, and the manufacturers are still sending free samples to those who apply for them.

Sold in Packets by Grocers and Stores. Half-pints, 2½d.; Pints, 4½d.; Quarts, 8d.

### Have You Eczema?

or any Skin Trouble? If you have, do send for a free trial sample of "Antexema," from the Antexema Co., 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. and get it cured.



Are used without heat. They have no sharp edges to cut and spoil the hair. They are sold in boxes at 6d. and 1s. in every town and village in the three Kingdoms.

### A COOKERY BOOK FREE.

We send a Cloth-bound Cookery Book containing 180 original recipes for all kinds of Soups, Fish, Savouries, Invalid Cookery, and Sweets, free to everyone who writes his or her name and address on the outside wrapper taken from a jar of our Extract.

Signed *J. Liebig* in blue, and post it to us. The Company has no connection with any other brand.

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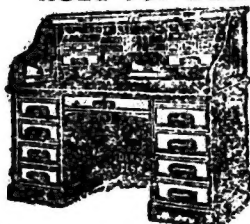
It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the blood and bones. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. In bottles, 2s. 6d. and 11s. each, of Chemists everywhere.

Beware of Worthless Imitations.

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is what you will have if you purchase one of our

### AMERICAN DERBY ROLL-TOP DESKS.



Just the thing for the Study or Office! Built for Beauty, Utility, and Durability! From 47 upwards. Nothing better made.

FREE to Readers of *Pearson's Weekly*, our Handsome Illustrated No. 62 Catalogue.

**THOS. TURNER (LONDON) LTD.**  
44 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., etc.

### SEE TESTIMONIALS BELOW!!



Made with strong Plaited Jute Soles, which will last much longer than leather, with ordinary wear. (10 years now before the readers of *Pearson's Weekly*.) Comfortable, healthful, noiseless. Miss WHITTING writes (1935): "Cannot say enough about their comfort." Mr. MASON writes (21.6.93): "Got a pair 3 weeks ago, and have worn them every day since." Each sole length walking shoe. Price (Post Free). Quality (colour, Brown). Children's Ladies' Gents' A. Plain Shoes (best quality) 1s. 6d. 1s. 3d. 2s. 6d. B. Strongest Canvas (best quality) 2s. 6d. 2s. 3d. C. Velvet Uppers (Black) 3s. 6d. 3s. 3d. D. Felt Slippers, best quality (Black) 1s. 6d. 1s. 3d. Canvas Leather-Soled Shoes 1s. 6d. 1s. 3d. 2s. 6d. PATENT CANVAS SHOE CO., 95, Bath Street, GLASGOW.  
Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties post free, 1d.

### HOW TO Preserve The Eyesight

I send this little book free. It tells of a remedy whose value has been proved for 300 years. SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT cures eye disorders of all kinds, and nothing better can be applied in such cases. Get a genuine pot for 2s. from any Chemist, or send to Stephen Green, 210 Lambeth Road, London, for the booklet as above.

### MUSIC FOR SUMMER EVENINGS. CAMPBELL'S Gold Medal MELODEONS

With Organ and Celestial Tone, and Charming Bell Accompaniments. NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE. The solemn Psalm, the soul-stirring Hymn, the cheerful Song and the Merry Dance, can all be played on these charming instruments. No knowledge of Music required.

SPECIAL OFFER to the Readers of "PEARSON'S WEEKLY." Price only 6s. Campbell's "Gem" Melodeon " 10.9 Campbell's "Miniature" Melodeon " 14.9 Campbell's "Paragon" Melodeon " 18.9 Campbell's "Favourite" Melodeon " 18.9 Cut out this and send P.O.O. for the amount. All lovers of music should at once send or Campbell's Illustrated Price List of all kinds of Musical Instruments for 1893. 10,000 of these valuable lists sent out weekly. Send Penny Stamp to CAMPBELL & CO., Musical Instrument Makers, 116 Tronkate GLASGOW. Established 30 years.

200,000 TESTIMONIALS. Professor BROWN, the Champion Melodeon Player of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales, says: "Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the finest instruments that have ever come under my touch, and they only require a trial to convince themselves." All lovers of music should at once send or Campbell's Illustrated Price List of all kinds of Musical Instruments for 1893. 10,000 of these valuable lists sent out weekly. Send Penny Stamp to CAMPBELL & CO., Musical Instrument Makers, 116 Tronkate GLASGOW. Established 30 years.

YOUR NEW SUMMER BLOUSE. Needs that latest invention, a neat waist-Grip, instead of the Fairy Belt. By an entirely novel method it holds the blouse or shirt without any hooks or clips in the exact position it is required. It is impossible for the blouse to ride up or become displaced. The Fairy Belt makes the Waist at the same time round and pretty in a way before unobtainable. It is even attempted. Sold by all drapers at 1s. or post free 1s. 2d. From the proprietors, HINDS (Curlers) LIMITED, FINCHLEY BLOUSE LONDON, E.C.

### CIGARES DE JOY

(Joy's Cigarettes) Immediately Relieve ASTHMA, WHEEZING, HAY FEVER.

All Chemists, box of 25, 2/6, or Post Free WILCOX, 83, Mortimer St., London, W. Sample free for penny stamp.

### "ATLAS" LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE 39s.

Sent for one month's trial on receipt of 6s. P.O. Balance can be paid 5s. monthly if desired. Send for work samples. THE ATLAS MACHINE CO., 1818 High Street, Camden Town; 61 Seven Sisters Rd., N.; 14 High Road, Kilburn.

### A RAPID AND BEAUTIFUL HANDWRITING.

enables anyone by properly directed practice to acquire a beautiful style, price 1s. BATES & CO., 42 Cheapside, London. (Attention this page.)

**£20** Hairdressers fitted up. Estimates free. 30 yrs. reputation! Mgr. H. Myers.

### THE TEST OF

## DR. TIBBLES' Cocoa

IS IN THE DRINKING  
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IT CAN BE TESTED FREE

THEREFORE WRITE TO US For Dainty Sample Tin (a Postcard will do) which will be sent post free, if when writing you name this Journal.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, 6d., 9d. and 1s. Sold by Grocers, Chemists and Stores.

Address: 60, 61 & 62, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

## ASK ANOTHER.

THE publication of the article, "Why not pay our Volunteers?" has resulted in a great many letters from my volunteer readers. The general opinion seems to be against payment, in view of the fact that such a course would be tempting to a large number of men, who would be prompted by mercenary rather than patriotic motives. A good scheme is offered by "15th Middlesex," who says if the system suggested were carried out, it is to be hoped that separate regiments will be formed for those who are paid and those who are not.

H. P. writes to say that at Margate a week or two ago he was bathing in the sea and accidentally swallowed a mouthful of sea-water. At the time he was terribly scared, but a friend who was with him assured him that benefit would result rather than any danger. "H. P." is dubious of this point, and asks my opinion. —I think it is considered by some of the medical profession that sea-water, taken in moderation, is a cure for indigestion. But don't take it from me that I would advise you going in for a course of sea-water drinking. I most emphatically don't.

THE prize of one guinea offered for the best method of entertaining guests has been awarded to Mrs. M. T. Craig, Fairfield Cottage, Hawkhill, Ayr, N.B.

N. L. U. S. asks: "Is it possible for a man to be killed by work—I mean, of course, by mental work?"

—No; but it is possible, and is frequently the case, for a person to sink into a state of health that results in premature death, by overworking himself. There are a certain number of hours which you should allot in the day for toil, and you should make it a hard and fast rule that you should not encroach upon the time you have set aside for leisure. The whole secret of success is to throw your whole heart into your work for the time being. It is impossible for a man to make anything of a success of himself if he associates outside elements with his work—that is to say, if he introduces the social side of his life into his office. You will never find a man any good who spends an hour, or half-an-hour, or even five minutes a day in idleness with his fellow workers. If he wants to talk socially, let him do so at the right and proper time. If he looks after his habits, he ought then to enjoy good health, and no matter how hard he work within his working hours, he will always recuperate afterwards. Overwork is unhealthy, and in nine cases out of ten is quite unnecessary.

THE "Football Competition" will begin in next week's P.W., and will run on the same lines as it was last year, namely, a £25 prize to the persons who most accurately forecast the result of certain matches; £100 to those who are quite correct; and £1,000 to the individual who succeeds in winning the £100 prize on three occasions. Sheets of twenty coupons will be obtainable at one shilling from this office, and all applications for these should be addressed to the firm, and not marked "FOOTBALL."

H. T. P.—In this country January is the stormiest month, followed by November and October. Daily records for fourteen consecutive years showed that January had 70 gales; November, 58; October, 55; December, 47; February, 46; March, 45; September, 18; April, 17; August, 11; and the remaining three months, May, June, and July, nine gales between them. The fifteen days from January 13th to 27th had the largest total—38 gales, November 14th to 28th coming next with 34.

PANSY asks: "Which is it correct to serve first at table, gentlemen visitors or lady members of the family?" —Unquestionably, the lady members of the family, except when the hostess herself is serving at the foot of the table, when it would be obviously irregular for her to serve herself before the male guests.

## RESULT OF THE SECOND CONUNDRUM COMPETITION.

No competitor sent an absolutely correct list. The first prize of £25 has been awarded to Mrs. L. C. HALL, Laburnum House, Kingsley, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs; and the second prize of a bicycle selected from the catalogue of the Ariel Cycle Co. up to the value of £25, has been awarded to Miss EDITH HAYCRAFT, Williton House, Bush Hill Park, N.

The ten prizes of £1 each have been lumped together, and 10s. 6d. forwarded to each of the following:

F. Bessant, Eton Place, Falmouth; J. Bowker, 28 Norfolk Street, Skerton, Lancaster; B. S. Gilliland (two shares), 18 Queen Square, Strathbungo, Glasgow, N.B.; Lieut.-Col. Cotton, The Hall, Lismore; Harry Rookby, 41 Clare Road, Cardiff; Geo. Shepherd, 19 Bridge Street, Bideford, Devon; Ethel Browne, 12 Grosvenor Road, Manningham, Bradford, Yorks; E. Katherine James, 15 Mornington Avenue, West Kensington, W.; F. B. Doveton, Eastcliffe, Babbacombe, Torquay; W. Joy Lavers, Fortescue Hotel, Plymouth, Devon; Rosa Evelyn Browne, 18 Grosvenor Road, Manningham, Bradford, Yorks; A. Greenwood, 85 Sewerly Street, Moss Side, Manchester; S. Simms, 34 Keighley Road, Ovensham; H. Hutton (two shares), 3 Lape Street, Bradford, Yorks; J. Greenwood, 80 Sewerly Street, Manchester; H. Haslop, 35 City Road, Cambridge; A. J. Whitworth, 7 Mason's Avenue, Croydon.

M. A. A.—The general interest which Mr. Austin Fryer's serial has excited—a result we quite looked for—has brought us numerous criticisms and suggestions, but so far no one has been able to suggest a resource or expedient which might have helped the millionaire which the author has not fully anticipated. "M. A. A." thinks if he were in the millionaire's place he would have insisted on the examination of his signature by the manager of the bank, but "M. A. A." would find that in real life it is rather difficult to insist on anything with important officials. Indeed, to our mind, the bank manager was particularly complaisant, and his offer to send a clerk to Mr. Pownceby-Smith's hotel with instructions which would have smoothed over matters for him was unusually considerate. The second point of "M. A. A." that the millionaire should raise funds by pawning his watch, is anticipated in the second instalment of the serial. The millionaire does not carry a watch, or jewellery of any sort, because, as he explains, he was "always opposed to ostentation." Our readers will find it an interesting exercise to endeavour to anticipate the straits to which the millionaire will be subjected before he can establish his identity. It is, of course, entirely fiction, but it reads like the genuine record of a real experience, a fact not to be wondered at when we state that every fact and circumstance was the subject of special study by the author. If any reader can succeed in suggesting what I consider a reasonable method by which the millionaire could raise sufficient money to get him out of his plight I will gladly send him a cheque for a guinea.

A.—It is in Germany, not France, that certain parents cannot name their children just what they please. By Imperial order Government functionaries are forbidden to register any infant in a Christian name bearing the slightest relation to politics. Socialists are very fond of calling their children Robespierre, Lassalle, Bebel, Liebknecht, and the like, but Emperor William objects to the practice. So the child's name must be chosen from the Bible, the Calendar of Saints, or from the roll of princes and national heroes.

THOSE readers who wish to enter for the £10 prize offered in P.W. last year for the greatest number of prizes secured between August, 1897, and August Bank Holiday, 1898, should send in their claims before Monday, the 29th inst., under the following conditions: Take a sheet of paper, write on the top of it your name and address, and then tabulate the list of competitions in which you have secured prizes, and the nature of the prizes thus obtained. A sum of £10 will be given to the reader whose list is the longest. In the event of a tie, the money will be divided. Should more than ten people tie, the prize will be given to the person whose successes amount to the highest value.

T. W., JUNIOR, writes:

A very laughable incident happened in the train when two friends and myself were travelling to Blackpool on Bank Holiday. We entered the train at a well-known Lancashire manufacturing town, and in the carriage were a number of passengers, amongst whom being three gentlemen (?) of the class I should think you would most probably meet on the open course at a race meeting. Needless to say, this was a third-class compartment.

We had only journeyed a few miles when one gentleman suggested that we should have a game of halfpenny nap "just to pass the time away." We did not take advantage of this kind invitation. "Well, have any of you got a piece of string?" asked one, but while we were fumbling in our pockets he managed to accidentally come across a long piece of felt, which he said "would do just as well." All that he now required was a pencil, but a big gentleman with a handkerchief round his neck handed him a nicely shaped piece of wood. Doubling up the felt he rolled it and casually offered to bet "drinks round" that nobody could find the centre. One of my friends then took up the current copy of *Pearson's Weekly*, which he had purchased on the station, and turned to the article on "How People Take You In," giving an illustration of this self-same trick. He calmly handed the copy round the carriage, and eventually to the "operator" himself. I never saw a man so absolutely taken down as he was, and his two friends did not appear to appreciate the joke as well as the other occupants of the carriage.

MAMIE has heard that ideas conveyed to people while asleep make an impression on the mind even greater than those received during waking hours. "For example, if you go to a sleeping person and repeat clearly and distinctly in his ear that he must do a certain thing on awaking up, he will feel prompted to carry out the instructions so given. Is this a fact?"

—A great deal of experimenting is going on in America on this subject, with the result that certain mothers have succeeded in rendering idle and disobedient children industrious and tractable simply by suggesting to them while they sleep that they should mend their ways. First of all, she puts the child to sleep. Then, stroking its forehead, says firmly and softly in its ear: "You must not disobey me, nor must you be untruthful," or some words of this sort. This operation, repeated frequently, has been known to have a most marked effect on the characters of several children. I believe it is a fact that cases of habitual drunkenness, if not cured, have been considerably improved by this method; but in the case of adults it is necessary that the acquiescence of the person while awake should be secured.

THE winners of the return tickets to Ostend by the New Palace Steamers, are: C. A. Hockey, 1 Meridian Vale, Clifton, Bristol; R. Smith, 11 Gilbert Road, Kennington, S.E.; and J. I. Sykes, Callender's Cable and Construction Company, Limited, Belvedere, Kent. The tickets were offered in connection with the FRESH AIR FUND to the persons who collected the three largest amounts between the publication of the announcement and August 10th. Will those persons who have been so kind as to apply for collecting sheets, please return them, with the amount collected, as soon as possible after September 1st. It is necessary to get the money in hand in order to know to what extent to make arrangements for the excursions.

I AM pleased to acknowledge £10 5s. from the firm known as "CAMWAL." The "CAMWAL" day was August 15th, and about 250 children were made happy by this firm's contribution.

Amount Previously Acknowledged, £1,846 17s. 7½d. ORDINARY SUBSCRIPTIONS:

W. Bauer, £5; Hubert and Doris, 1s. 6d.; Eliza (Penge), 5s.; J. Molynaux, 2s. 3d.; A. M. Ball, 5s.; For Jesus' Sake, 2s. 3d.; Barley Coast, 6s.; N. L. Norman, 2s. 3d.; Willie Tomkins, 1s. 3d.; A. Belfast Reader, 5s.; F. Kirk, 6d.; Elsie (Margate), 2s. 6d.; X. 1s.; Leslie and Marjorie, 1s.; Miss C. M. Walker and others, 10s.; Connel and Brenda Costin, 10s.; Mrs. Weerne, 3s.; Frank, Winnie, and Harold, 2s. 3d.; No. 5 Room, 7s. 6d.; Fred Thomas, 2s.; Anon., 2s. 3d.; A Poor Sick Boy, Harry, 6s.; J. H. Barker, 10s.; A Friend, 2s.; Anon., 8d.; R. Hinde, 5s.; Fred Field, 3s. 6d.; W. A. W. S., 1s. 8d.; Sumkin, 1s.; Sweet Marjorie, 2s.; N.P.A.C., 3s.; Dickie and Winnie, 4s.; Edith J., 4s.; F. Green, 5s. 6d.; H. A. Erieth, 1s.; Anon. (Chester), 2s.; Fred Spilbury, 2s.; M. M., 4s. 2s.; George, 4s.; H. S., 9d.; Ned and Ida, 1s. 6d.; Edwige's Pal, 2s. 6d.; A. Morgan, 3d.; Polly, 2s.; J. S. (Colne), 4s.; Lina, 3s.; Master H. Brown, 1s.; Grumpy, 1s.; J. T. Orman, 2s. 6d.; Kathleen Norman, 2s. 6d.; Snooks, 1s.; T. Thomas, 6d.; L. S.; Bamos, 10s.; Bolton (Lancashire), 2s. 6d.; Won at Cards, 9d.; H. Wood, 1s. 2d.; A. L., 2s. 6d.; A. Hardin, 3s.; Muriel and Ethel, 5s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; R. Wood, 4s.; F. E. Jones, 1s. 11d.; Tweedside, 1d.; Anon., 2s. 3d.; Anon., 1s.; N. S., 5s.; E. M. A. H., 10s. 6d.; Mrs. Stirling, 5s.; Ex-Gr., 1s. 6d.; A. Sympathiser, 5s.; A Friend, 6d.; A. Farquharson, 5s.; Evelyn, Dorothy, and Kitty, 1s.; Cricket Competition No. 12, 4s. 18s. 4d.; H., 4s. 2s.; Anon., 5s.; Polly Lassie, 10s.; Maggie and Mary (Scarborough), 1s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Gregory Gaunt, 2s. 6d.; A Thank Offering, 5s.; Anon., 4s.; T. E. T., 5s.; O. T. C., 2s. 6d.; Result of Command Competition, 2s. 11s.; William Black, 1s.; Miss Howell, 5s.; G. H. and Wife, 4s.; J. E. S., 7s. 6d.; E. J. Barnes, 3d.; E. J. Meddick, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Showers, and Miss Fraser, of Asam, 10s.; Mrs. Hartley, 3s.; Rock Ferry, 1s. 6d.; E. Longbottom, 4s. 2s. 6d.; B. A. C., 8s. 6d.; Holiday Makers at Lowestoft, 4s.; Horace Gill, 1s.; A Friend, 1s.; Miriam, Burgess Hill, 5s.; R. Dorothy S. Randall, 1s. 6d.; Bulger, 2s. 6d.; D. M. Lurber, 2s. 6d.; Miss A. Pearson, 10s. 6d.; Successful, 7s. 6d.; Bon Accord, 1s. 6d.; E. A. H. (Hyde), 2s.; Mary Grace and Three Little Friends, 3s.; Daisy, Eric, Winnie, and Baby Matt, 3s.; Amalgam the Heather, 1s. 6d.; F. R. S., 4s.; Danny and Bertie, 5s.; Hythe, 2s.; P. Hamby, 2s.; Dolly, Harry, and Edgar Peritt, 3s.; Edith Milton, 3s. 6d.; Celia Cowan, 1s.; R. H., 1s.; Dolly and Jack, 10s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; N. S., 2s.; Picnicers, 2s. 6d.; T. B. C., 7s.; I. T. B., 10s.; Ricardo, 10s.; Messrs. Camwall, £10 5s.

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We would say that our previous Competitions have given fullest satisfaction, and we have many letters from delighted Prize-winners.

Grasp this opportunity to win a prize. The Competition consists in filling in correctly the missing letters in the six following sentences relating to WOLFF'S "EGYPTIAN" MARKING INK.

1. W . . . . S I . . . . . E M . . . . . G I . K
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3. A S . . . . . E P . . . . . E
4. A . . . . . S R . . . . . N U . . . . . D
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**WHAT TO DO.**—When you have found what you think are the correct words, write them out on a sheet of paper, numbering the sentences 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, as set out above, then send same, together with a Postal Order for 1/6 (not stamps), for a bottle of our famous Marking Ink, saying whether you want Red or Black, and a stamped addressed envelope for results, to

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A little trouble will secure you a prize. Write distinctly and fully your name and address, put name of this paper at the top of your letter, and send in your order for the MARKING INK as soon as possible. The Competition will close on October 30th, 1898. The prizes will be awarded and results posted in the following week.

In connection with this exceptional and genuine Competition, we would particularly point out that competitors will receive not only full value for their P.O.'s in the shape of a bottle of WOLFF'S IMPERISHABLE "EGYPTIAN" MARKING INK, but the bottle we supply for 1/6, post free, contains three times the quantity usually sold by other makers for 1/6, and is the largest bottle of Marking Ink in the market for the price. We are willing to spend a considerable sum of money in advertising our "Egyptian" Marking Ink, and we prefer doing it in this way to expending it on newspaper advertisements, &c. We ask all competitors who do not receive their Marking Ink in a week to communicate with us again, giving the number of their Postal Order, and copy of their Solution.

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